

DETECTIVE  
52 BIG  
PAGES

**POW-WOW SMITH**  
INDIAN LAWMAN



10¢

# Detective COMICS

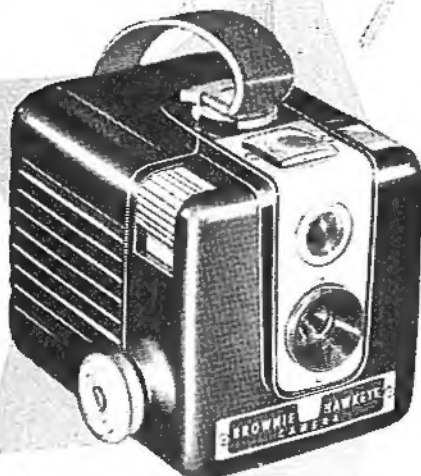
NO. 161  
JULY

Another  
ACTION-PACKED  
ADVENTURE  
WITH  
**BATMAN**  
and **ROBIN!**

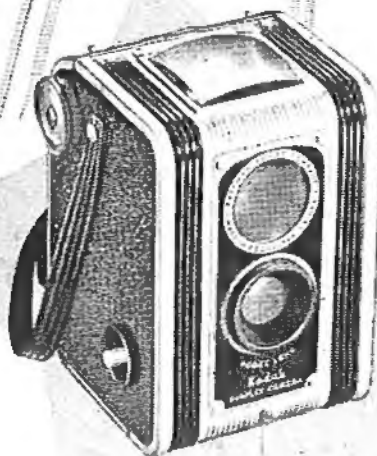


# Three **ALL-STAR** Cameras

## for your Vacation Shots



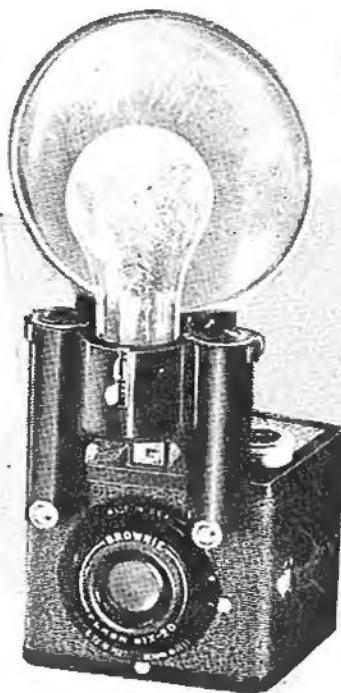
**Brownie Hawkeye Camera**—New smooth styling, clear oversize view finder—a cinch to load and use. Takes 12 black-and-white shots on Kodak 620 Film. Camera, \$5.50. Kodak Photo Flasher, \$1.55.



**Kodak Duaflex Camera**—Big, brilliant, waist-level finder shows you your picture big and clear. Takes 12 pictures,  $2\frac{1}{4}$  square, on a roll of Kodak 620 Film. With Kodet Lens, \$12.75. With focusing Kodar  $f/8$  Lens, \$19.85. Flashholder, \$3.33.

- Any one of these nifty cameras is a winner. Any one is fun to own, easy to use, and takes fine pictures. Just right for vacation days—gives you a priceless record of your good times and new friends. See these cameras at your Kodak dealer's.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.



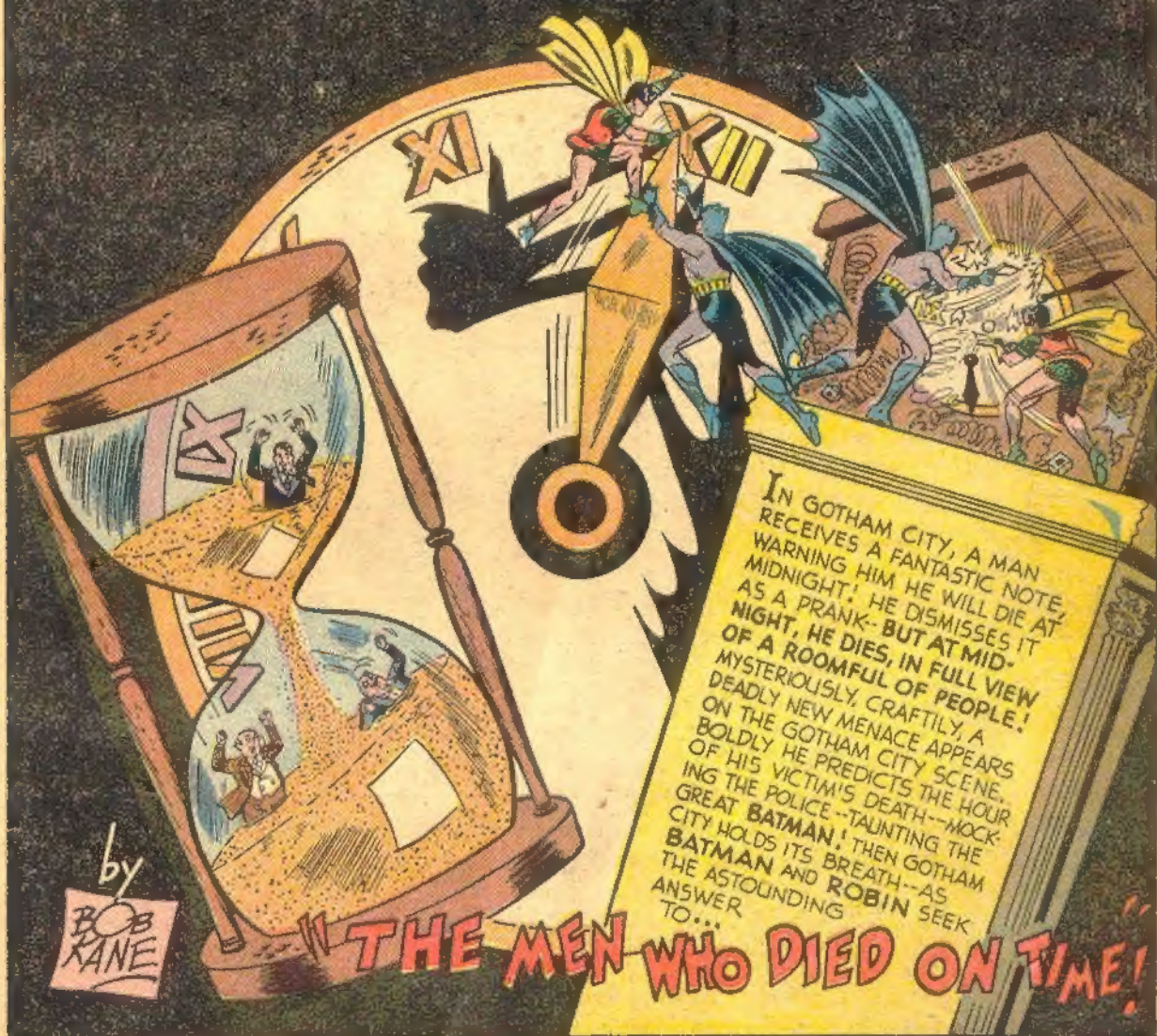
**Brownie Flash Six-20 Camera**—Makes splendid snaps "right around the clock." Two-position focusing helps you get sharp, clear negatives (size  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ ). Camera, \$11.75. Flashholder, \$2.92.

Prices include Federal Tax.

**Kodak**  
TRADE-MARK

# BATMAN

With  
**ROBIN**  
THE BOY WONDER



by

**BOB KANE**

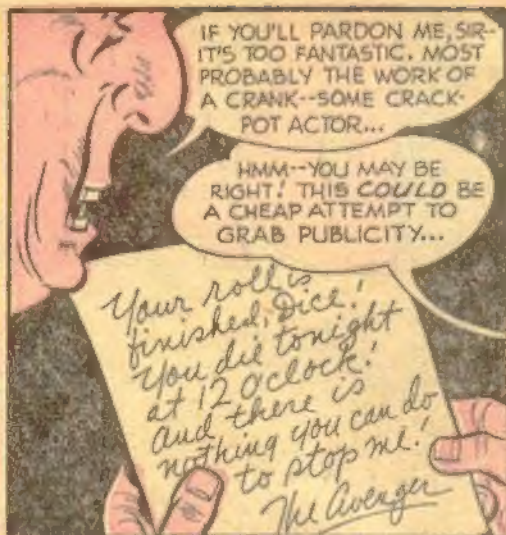
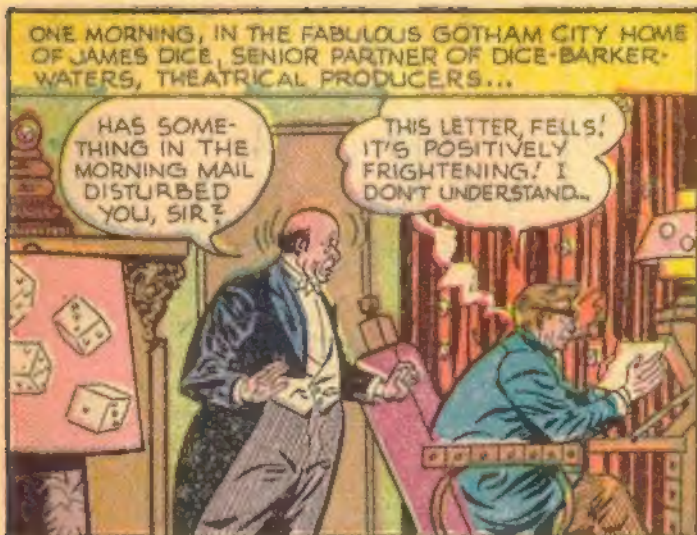
IN GOTHAM CITY, A MAN RECEIVES A FANTASTIC NOTE, WARNING HIM HE WILL DIE AT MIDNIGHT! HE DISMISSES IT AS A PRANK--BUT AT MIDNIGHT, HE DIES, IN FULL VIEW OF A ROOMFUL OF PEOPLE! MYSTERIOUSLY, CRAFTILY, A DEADLY NEW MENACE APPEARS ON THE GOTHAM CITY SCENE. BOLDLY HE PREDICTS THE HOUR OF HIS VICTIM'S DEATH--MOCKING THE POLICE--TAUNTING THE GREAT BATMAN! THEN GOTHAM CITY HOLDS ITS BREATH--AS BATMAN AND ROBIN SEEK THE ASTOUNDING ANSWER TO...

## THE MEN WHO DIED ON TIME!

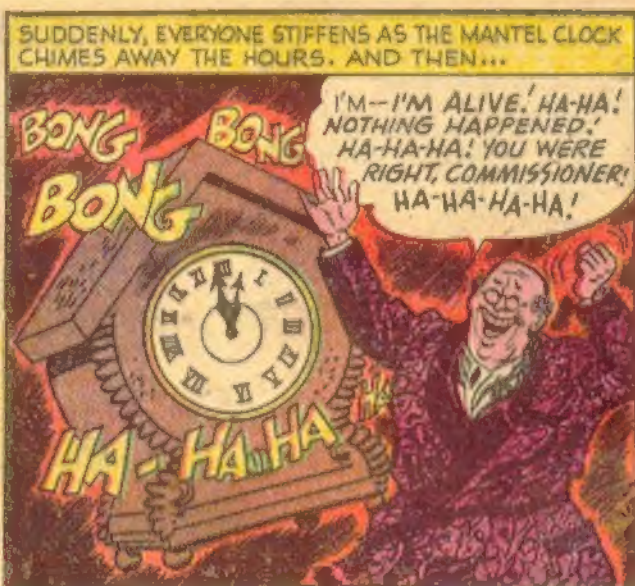
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THEN, AS WATERS PRODUCES A PHOTOGRAPH FROM HIS WALLET...

YEARS AGO, THIS MAN SLADE WAS PART OF OUR ORGANIZATION, BATMAN. BUT WE HAD TO GET RID OF HIM--AND HE'S BORNE A DEEP GRUDGE EVER SINCE.



SUDDENLY...

BATMAN! LOOK!

THE MAN IN THE PICTURE! LET'S GET HIM, ROBIN.

YES! IT'S SLADE!



THERE HE GOES! LOOKS LIKE HE'S HEADED FOR THE GOTHAM BALL PARK.

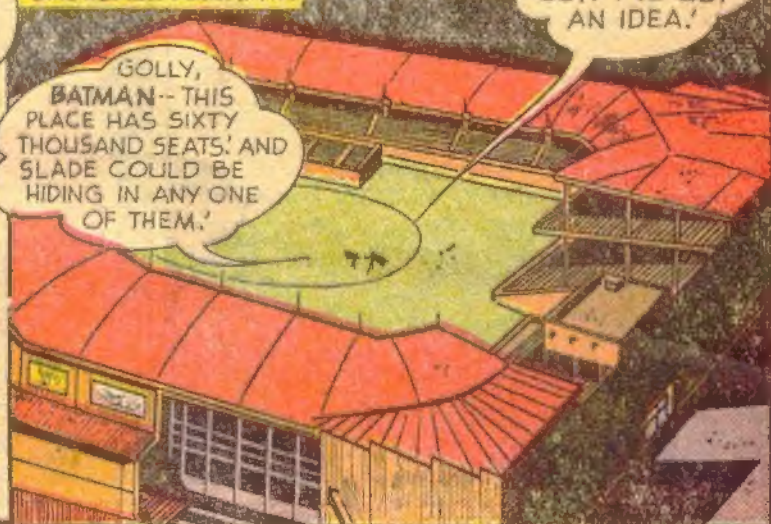
HE MUST HAVE HIS DATES MIXED! THE GOTHAM BLUE SOX ARE ON THE ROAD!



AND AS THE DYNAMIC DUO FOLLOWS SLADE INTO THE GLOOM OF THE VAST BASEBALL ARENA...

MAYBE WE CAN FLUSH HIM OUT! I'VE GOT AN IDEA!

GOLLY, BATMAN--THIS PLACE HAS SIXTY THOUSAND SEATS! AND SLADE COULD BE HIDING IN ANY ONE OF THEM!



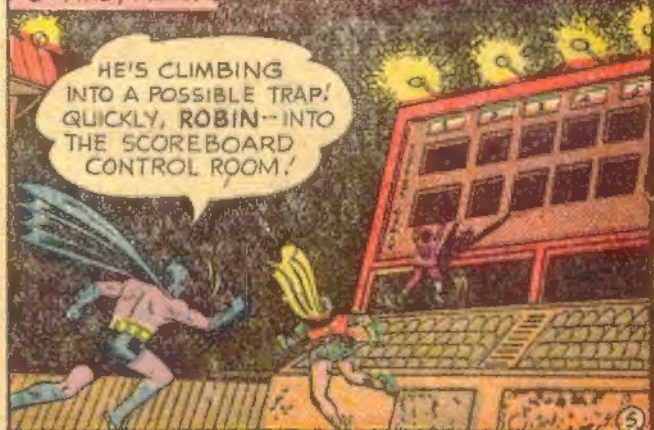
SUDDENLY, AS BATMAN'S FINGERS LOCATE A MASTER SWITCH...

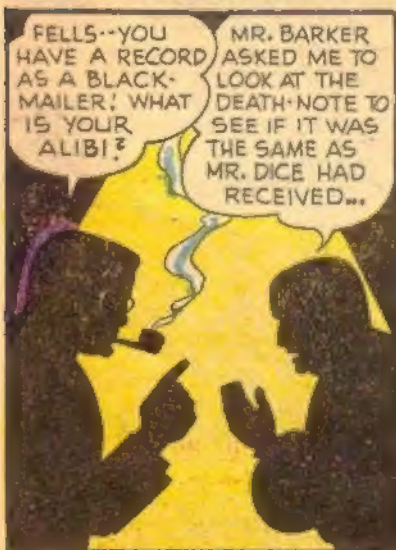
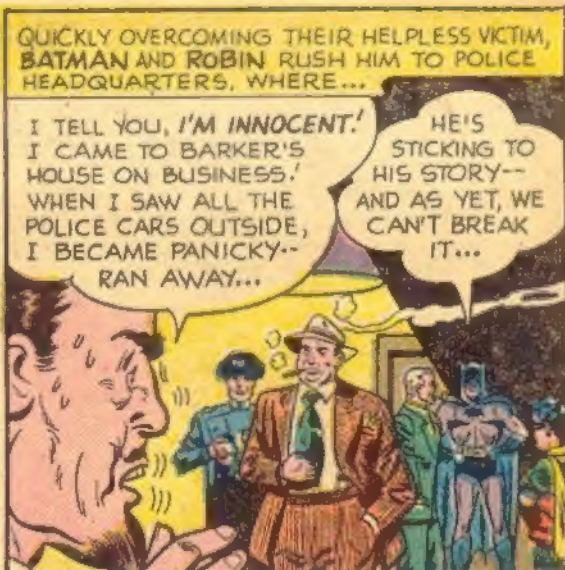
THERE HE GOES--LIKE A STARTLED RABBIT! I THOUGHT THE LIGHTS WOULD DO THE TRICK!



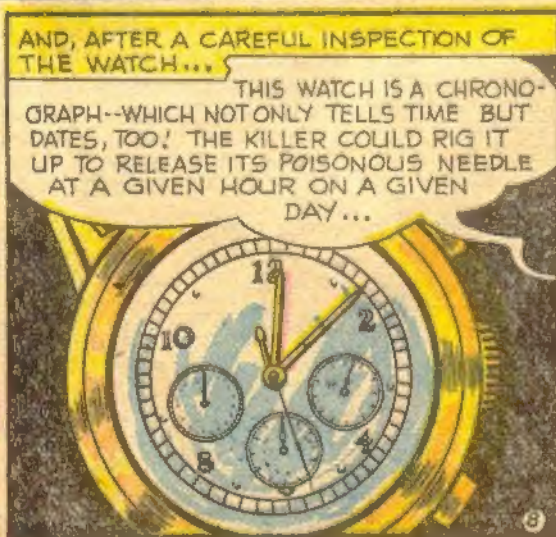
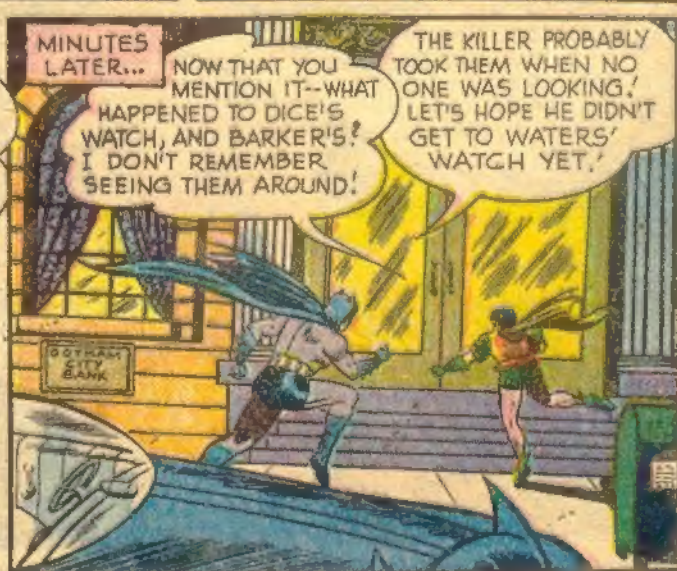
THEN, WITH THE DOGGED CRIME BUSTERS HOT ON HIS HEELS, THE FRANTIC SLADE SCALES THE SCOREBOARD, AS...

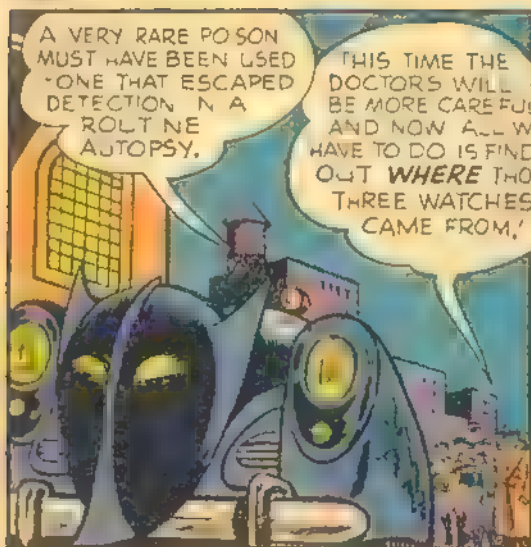
HE'S CLIMBING INTO A POSSIBLE TRAP! QUICKLY, ROBIN--INTO THE SCOREBOARD CONTROL ROOM!





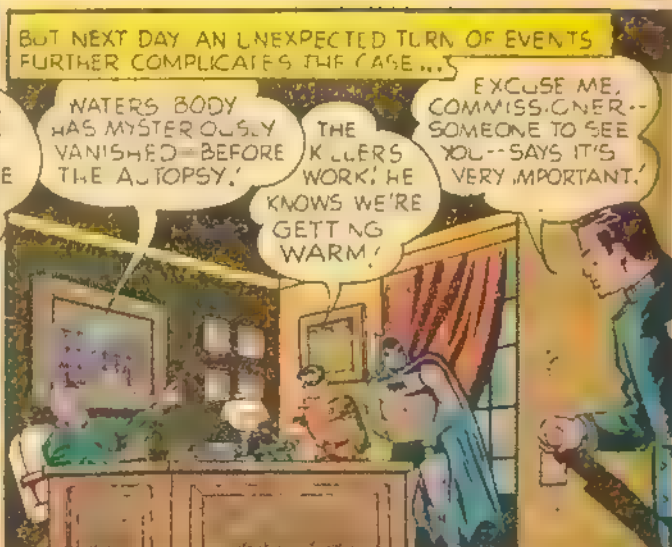






A VERY RARE POISON MUST HAVE BEEN USED - ONE THAT ESCAPED DETECTION IN A ROUTINE AUTOPSY.

THIS TIME THE DOCTORS WILL BE MORE CAREFUL. AND NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS FIND OUT **WHERE** THOSE THREE WATCHES CAME FROM.

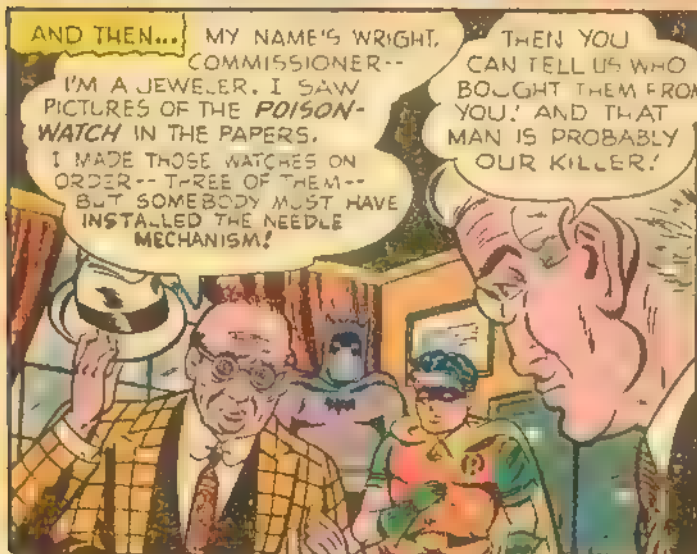


BUT NEXT DAY AN UNEXPECTED TURN OF EVENTS FURTHER COMPLICATES THE CASE...

WATERS BODY HAS MYSTERIOUSLY VANISHED - BEFORE THE AUTOPSY.

THE KILLER'S WORK! HE KNOWS WE'RE GETTING WARM!

EXCUSE ME, COMMISSIONER-- SOMEONE TO SEE YOU-- SAYS IT'S VERY IMPORTANT.



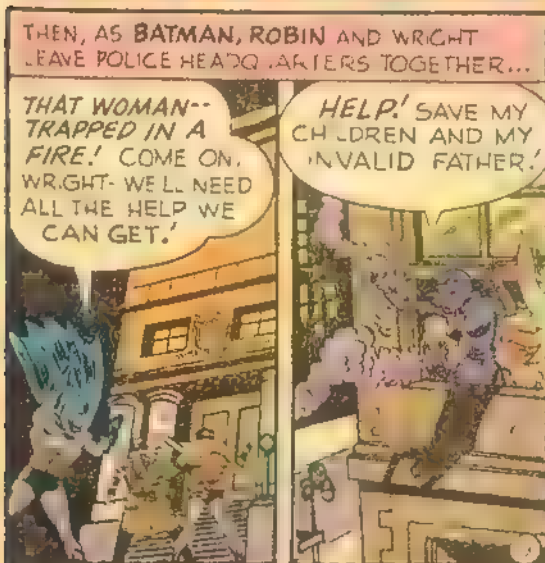
AND THEN... MY NAME'S WRIGHT, COMMISSIONER-- I'M A JEWELER. I SAW PICTURES OF THE **POISON-WATCH** IN THE PAPERS. I MADE THOSE WATCHES ON ORDER-- THREE OF THEM-- BUT SOMEBODY MUST HAVE INSTALLED THE NEEDLE MECHANISM!

THEN YOU CAN TELL US WHO BOUGHT THEM FROM YOU! AND THAT MAN IS PROBABLY OUR KILLER!



I HAVE NO RECORD OF HIS NAME BUT I REMEMBER H.M. I'LL KNOW H.M. IF I SEE HIM!

GOOD ENOUGH! I'LL ROUND UP EVERY SUSPECT-- LET YOU KNOW WHEN I HAVE THEM HERE.



THEN, AS BATMAN, ROBIN AND WRIGHT LEAVE POLICE HEADQUARTERS TOGETHER...

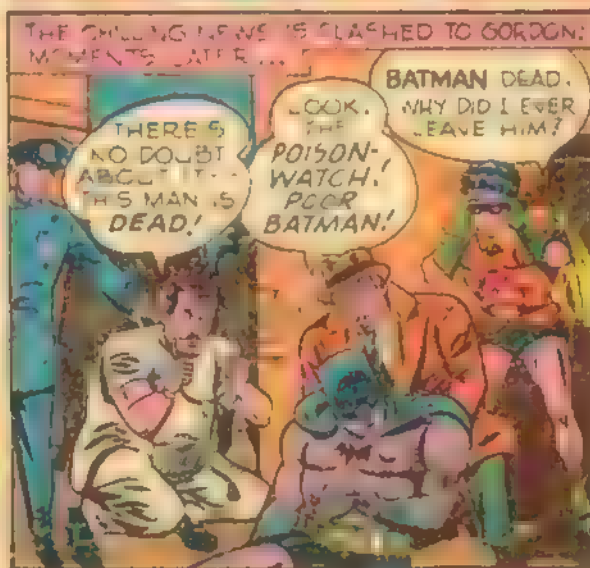
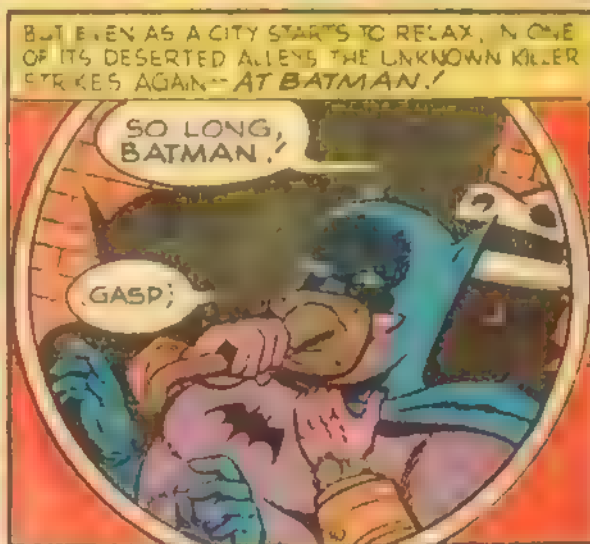
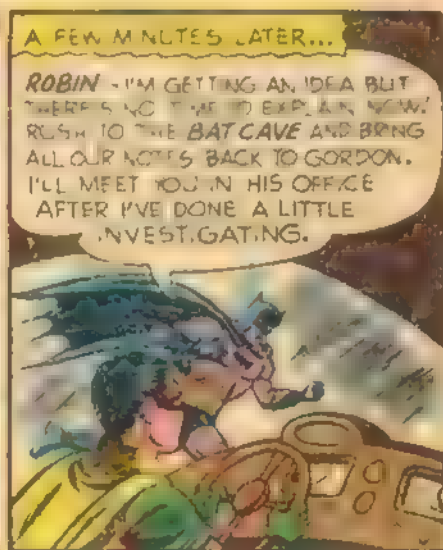
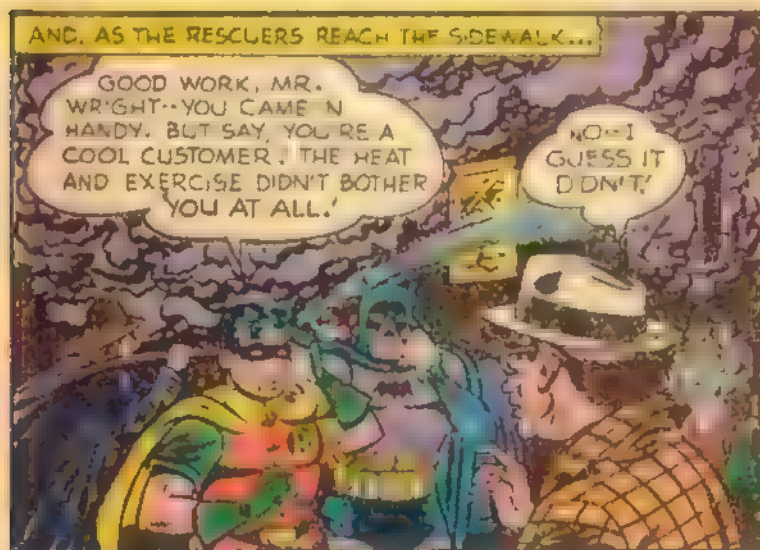
THAT WOMAN-- TRAPPED IN A FIRE! COME ON, WRIGHT-- WE'LL NEED ALL THE HELP WE CAN GET.

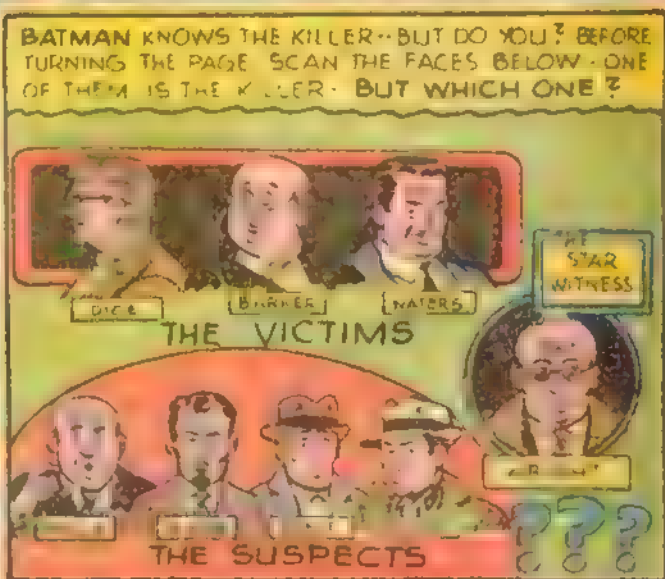
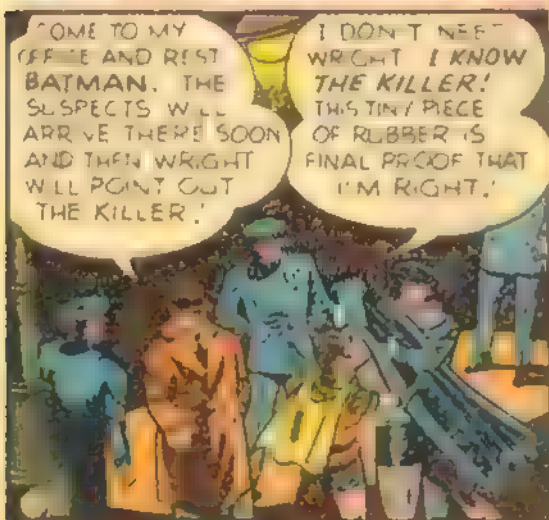
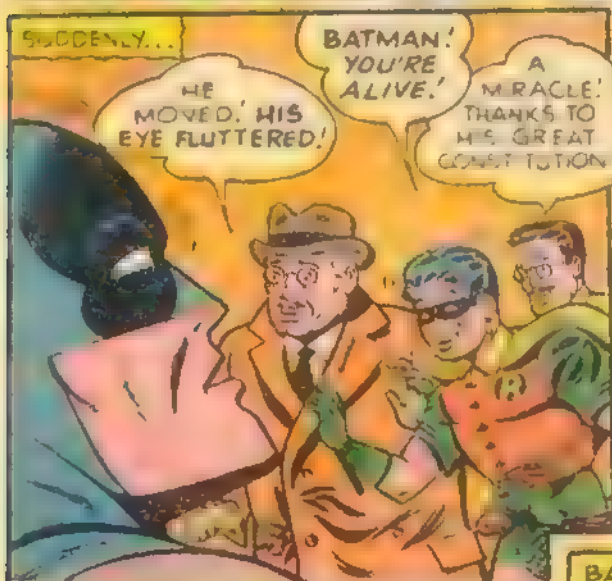
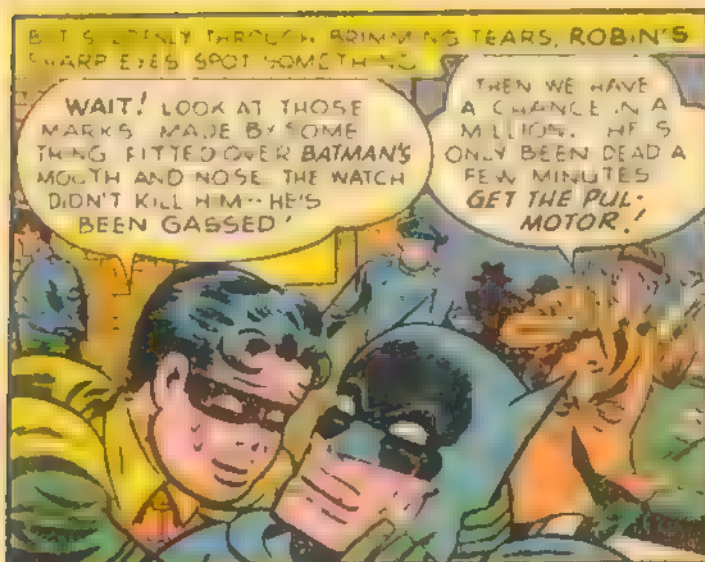
HELP! SAVE MY CHILDREN AND MY INVALID FATHER!

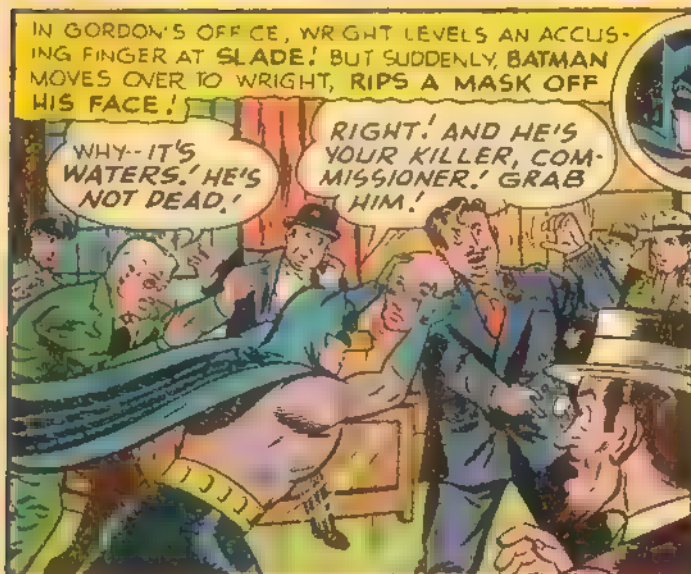


PHREW, BUT IT'S HOT IN HERE! LUCKY NO ONE HAS BEEN BURNED!

TAKE IT EASY, KIDS! WE'LL BE SAFE IN A MOMENT.







**BATMAN'S EXPLANATION:** WATERS HAD BEEN EMBEZZLING HIS FIRM'S MONEY AND WAS STASHING IT AWAY UNDER HIS ASSUMED GUISE OF WRIGHT, A JEWELER...

NOW I'M READY. BEFORE MY PARTNERS LEARN OF THE EMBEZZLEMENT, THESE WATCHES WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM--HA-HA! AND I SHALL LIVE A NEW LIFE OF PLENTY--AS WRIGHT!



"WATERS WAS PRESENT AT THE FIRST TWO MURDERS AND HAD AMPLE OPPORTUNITY TO SLIP THE WATCHES OFF HIS VICTIMS. AND THEN HE WAS READY FOR HIS OWN MURDER!"

BATMAN IS GETTING ON TO THE WATCHES--GOOD. IT WILL APPEAR THAT I WAS A VICTIM OF THE WATCH, TOO! NO ONE KNOWS THAT I CAN INDUCE A RARE FORM OF EPILEPSY THAT LEAVES ME WITH PRACTICALLY NO HEART-BEAT OR PULSE!



"IN THE PRIVACY OF THE VAULT, WATERS BROUGHT ON HIS EPILEPTIC FIT. WHEN HE CAME TO, LATER, IT WAS EASY FOR HIM TO SLIP PAST THE AUTHORITIES..."

HA-HA--POLICE WILL THINK THE KILLER STOLE MY BODY. MEANWHILE, I MUST CONTINUE TO DRAW UP AN AIR-TIGHT CASE AGAINST SLADE--THE PERFECT FALL-GUY!



"BUT I BECAME SUSPICIOUS OF WRIGHT THIS AFTERNOON--INVESTIGATED AND TRACED HIS LINK TO WATERS. SOMEHOW HE LEARNED WHAT I WAS UP TO. THEN HE KNEW HE WOULD HAVE TO KILL ME..."

NOT KNOWING WHERE OR EXACTLY WHEN HE'D FIND ME, HE COULDN'T SET ONE OF HIS INFERNAL WATCHES... SO HE USED GAS. BUT HE COULDN'T RESIST THE FINAL, BIZARRE TOUCH OF STRAPPING A WATCH ON ME AFTER HE THOUGHT I WAS DEAD...



"THAT FIRE THIS AFTERNOON WAS A BAD BREAK FOR THE KILLER. WHEN HE DIDN'T PERSPIRE IN ALL THAT HEAT AND AFTER THAT EXERTION, I SUDDENLY REALIZED HE MUST BE WEARING A RUBBER MASK!"

THIS TINY SHRED OF RUBBER SNAGGED ON MY UNIFORM WAS THE FINAL PROOF. I KNEW IT MUST HAVE COME THERE WHEN WRIGHT--OR WATERS--PRESSED HIS FACE AGAINST MY HEART TO MAKE SURE I HAD DIED.



MORE OF THE DARING DETECTIVE DUO - BATMAN AND ROBIN - IN BATMAN COMICS AND WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

CHAMPION  
SHORTSTOP  
OF THE  
CHICAGO  
WHITE  
SOX

# Luke APPLING

WON'T HE  
EVER RETIRE?

ARE YOU  
KIDDIN'? HE  
EATS HIS  
WHEATIES!

LIKE "OL' MAN RIVER," LUKE APPLING  
KEEPS ROLLING ALONG. IN NINETEEN SEASONS  
WITH WHITE SOX THE "AGELESS" APPLING HAS  
PLAYED 2372 GAMES, COLLECTED 2719 HITS  
— FOR LIFETIME BATTING  
AVERAGE OF .311!

CAN'T  
MISS WITH  
WHEATIES!

NOW WHEN I FLASH  
THIS — WE PUT ON  
THE HIT-AND-RUN!

LUKE IS ONE OF BASEBALL'S  
CRAFTIEST HIT-AND-RUN  
BATTERS. HIS SOLID  
SMASHES TO RIGHT FIELD  
LAST SEASON HELPED BOOST  
HIS AVERAGE OVER .300  
MARK FOR 16TH TIME IN  
MAJOR LEAGUE CAREER!

"I'M MIGHTY CAREFUL IN LOOKING  
AFTER MY TRAINING DIET," SAYS LUKE  
APPLING. "A BIG BOWLFUL OF MILK, FRUIT  
AND WHEATIES IS MY FAVORITE TRAINING  
DISH. WHEATIES ARE NOURISHING — AND  
SWELL FOR FLAVOR." HOW ABOUT YOU —  
— HAD YOUR WHEATIES TODAY?

WHEATIES

**BREAKFAST**  
OF  
**CHAMPIONS**

WITH  
MILK  
AND  
FRUIT



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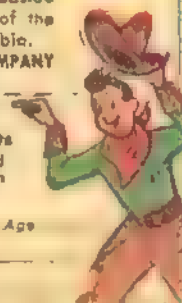
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complete line of bicycles by Columbia.  
**THE WESTFIELD MANUFACTURING COMPANY**

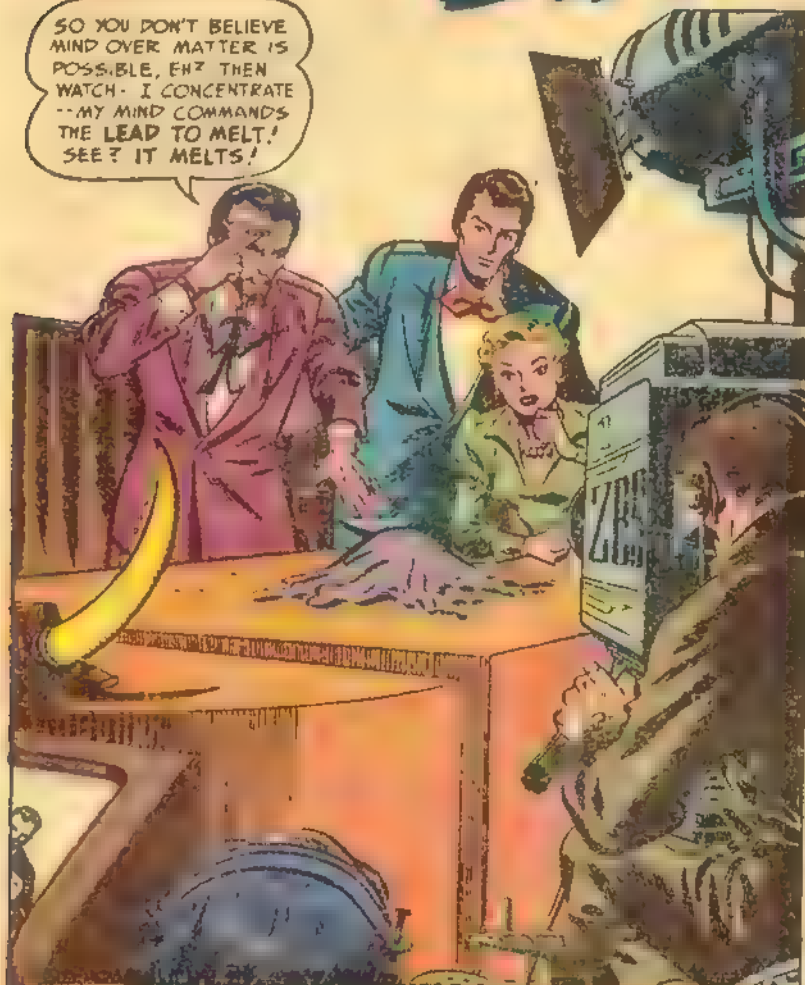
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Please send me, free of charge, big illustrated  
folder of exciting new models by Columbia in  
full color

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_



# IMPOSSIBLE- BUT TRUE

SO YOU DON'T BELIEVE  
MIND OVER MATTER IS  
POSSIBLE, EH? THEN  
WATCH - I CONCENTRATE  
--MY MIND COMMANDS  
THE LEAD TO MELT!  
SEE? IT MELTS!



DO YOU BELIEVE IN MIND OVER MATTER? CAN YOU MELT METAL BY  
SHEER CONCENTRATION? CAN YOU CRUMPLE STRUCTURES AND MOVE  
OBJECTS WITH A MERE WRINKLE OF THE BROW? IMPOSSIBLE, YOU SAY?  
WELL, ROY RAYMOND, HEAD OF THE "IMPOSSIBLE BUT TRUE" TELE-  
VISION SHOW AGREES WITH YOU, UNTIL HE MET DR. MIND, THE  
MYSTERIOUS MAN WHO SEEMED ABLE TO PERFORM ALL THESE  
FEATS WITH PURE BRAIN POWER! READ ON... AND SEE THESE  
THINGS HAPPEN BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES AS YOU FOLLOW  
ROY INVESTIGATING

**"THE HUMAN SUPER WEAPON!"**

EACH FRIDAY NIGHT, ROY RAYMOND'S  
COLORFUL TELEVISION SHOW "IMPOSSIBLE  
BUT TRUE" BRINGS ODD FACTS FROM  
FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE INTO  
THOUSANDS OF HOMES...

YES LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THERE  
ACTUALLY IS FRESH, COLD DRINKING  
WATER IN THE SALTY ATLANTIC! WHERE?  
IN GREAT SPRINGS AT THE OCEAN'S  
BOTTOM, YOU CAN GET CLEAR,  
UNSALTED DRINKING WATER,  
FOR YOUR DINNER  
TABLE!



IN INDIA CERTAIN FAKIRS CAN MAKE  
YOU THINK THE IMPOSSIBLE IS TRUE!  
HOW? BY FILLING THE AIR AROUND YOU  
WITH FUMES WHICH CAUSE HYPNOTIC  
ILLUSIONS! IT IS DONE BY  
SMOKING A LEAF OF  
THIS HERB!



**AFTER THE RESEARCH, A DOWN TO EARTH ROOM**

ROY THINKS A MAN ON THE PHONE WHO CALLS HIMSELF **MR. MIND**. HE SAYS HE CAN AFFECT MATTER BY MENTAL COMMAND. HE INTENDS ON TALKING WITH YOU!

KAREN LIKE ANOTHER ROCK. BUT I'LL HEAR HIM OUT, KAREN.

**AS ROY SPEAKS INTO THE PHONE**

WELL, I NOTICE AN ELM TREE A LARGE ONE IN AN ABANDONED BUILDING WITH A BRICK CHIMNEY AND...

ARE YOU DOUBT ME? EH? I'LL PROVE IT TO YOU! I'LL GO OUT YOUR WINDOW AND TELL ME EXACTLY WHAT YOU SEE.

THAT'S ENOUGH. NOW STEP TO THE WINDOW AND LOOK ACROSS AT THE OLD BUILDING. I AM ABOUT TO PERFORM THE IMPOSSIBLE! FOR WHEN I GIVE THE MENTAL COMMAND, THE CHIMNEY WILL SHOW UP BEFORE YOUR VERY EYES!

**Suddenly AS ROY AND KAREN WATCH THE WINDOW**

ROY! THAT CHIMNEY KEW UP JUST LIKE HE SAID!

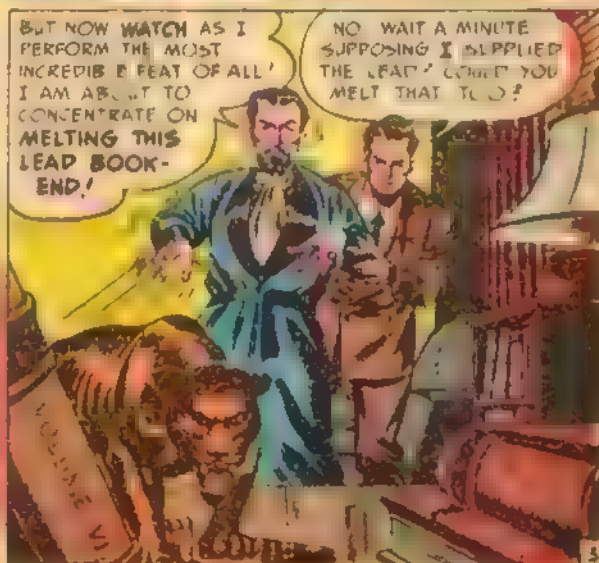
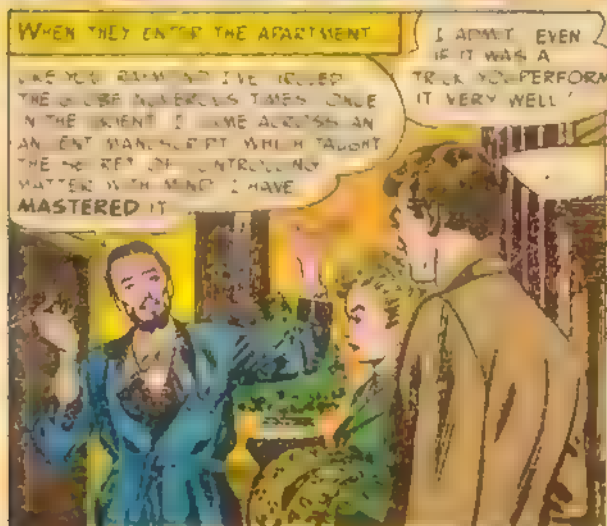
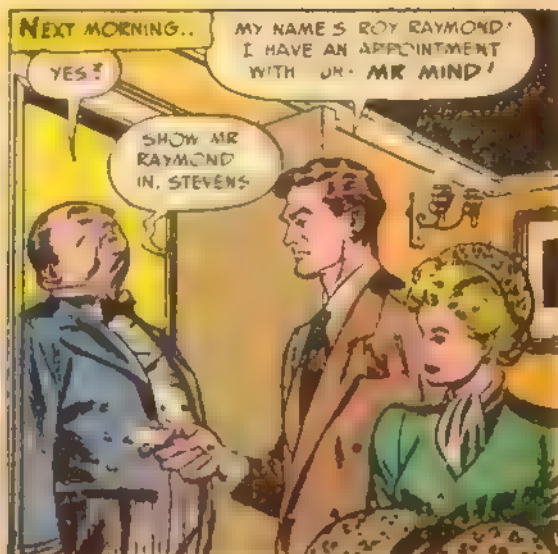
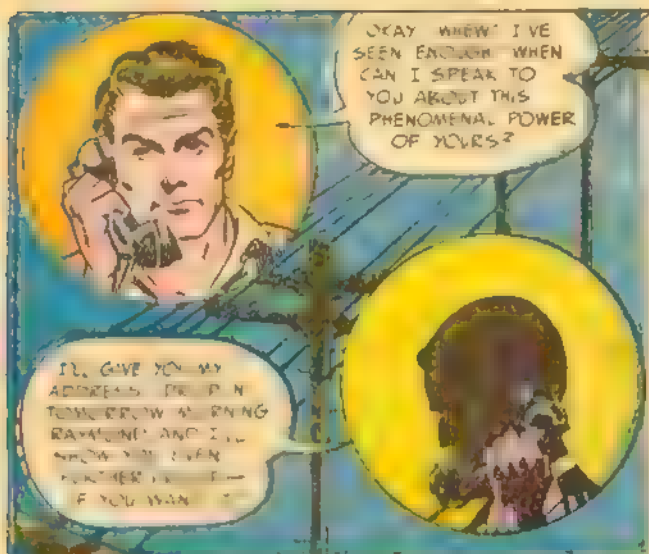
**THEN...**

HA HA HA! I DO NOT BELIEVE A CHIMNEY CAN BE BORN! I'LL BE DEMONSTRATING THE CORRECT RIGHT THERE ON YOUR DESK.

COME BACKS WITH RESEARCH NOTES A FEW PENCILS A PEN A JETTER AN ANSWER!

ALL RIGHT, I NOW CONCENTRATE ON YOUR INK WELL... I COMMAND IT TO BREAK!

ON! I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES! HE DID IT AGAIN! THE INK WELL SIMPLY BROKE!



HA HA YOU'RE STILL SKEPTICAL YOU SUSPECT THE BOOK-END IS MADE OF TRICK LEAD! VERY WELL MR. RAYMOND YOU SUPPLY THE LEAD-- AND I'LL MELT IT WITH MENTAL COMMANDS BEFORE YOUR TELEVISION AUDIENCE!

THAT'S FAIR ENOUGH! SUCH A PERFORMANCE SHOULD CONVINCE ANYBODY! I'LL ARRANGE TO HAVE YOU APPEAR ON MY NEXT BROADCAST!



DAYS LATER, IN A CHEMICAL LABORATORY...

ARE YOU SURE GENTLEMEN, THAT THIS IS A GENUINE LUMP OF PURE LEAD?

ABSOLUTELY, MR. RAYMOND! WE HAD IT SHIPPED FROM A SOUTH AMERICAN LEAD MINE THEN CLEANSED IT OF EVERY POSSIBLE IMPURITY!

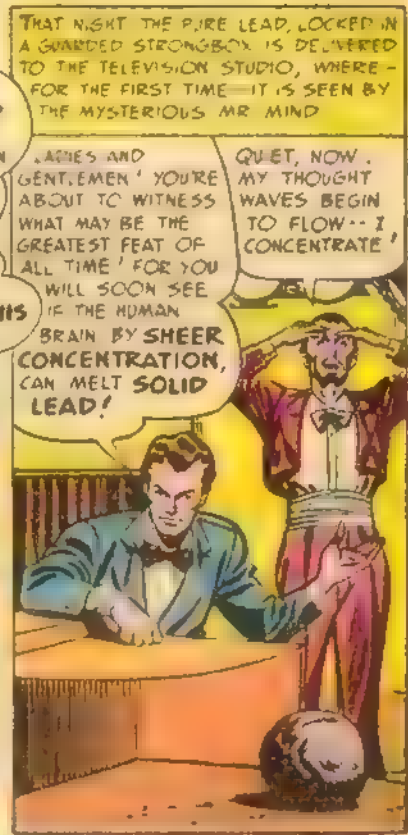
THAT'S RIGHT! THERE'S NOTHING TRICKY ABOUT THIS PIECE OF LEAD!



THAT NIGHT THE PURE LEAD, LOCKED IN A GUARDED STRONGBOX, IS DELIVERED TO THE TELEVISION STUDIO, WHERE-- FOR THE FIRST TIME--IT IS SEEN BY THE MYSTERIOUS MR. MIND

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! YOU'RE ABOUT TO WITNESS WHAT MAY BE THE GREATEST FEAT OF ALL TIME! FOR YOU WILL SOON SEE IF THE HUMAN BRAIN BY SHEER CONCENTRATION, CAN MELT SOLID LEAD!

QUET, NOW. MY THOUGHT WAVES BEGIN TO FLOW-- I CONCENTRATE!



TENSE MINUTES PASS, AS ONE MAN'S MIND SEEMINGLY COMBATS THE ELEMENTS. THEN

NEVER BEFORE HAVE I HAD SUCH A DIFFICULT ORDEAL BUT NOW, I AM READY! I COMMAND THE LEAD TO MELT!



ABRUPTLY, THE INCREDIBLE OCCURS

OBSERVE! THE METAL RESPONDS TO MY COMMANDS! IT MELTS!

GREAT GUNS! HE'S RIGHT! THE THING IS UNCANNY BUT IT'S ACTUALLY HAPPENING!



AT THAT MOMENT

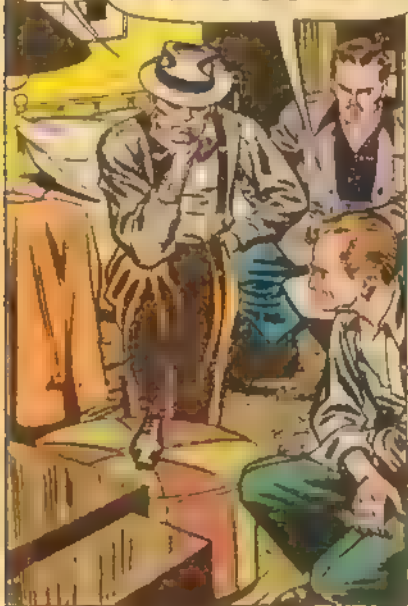
MR. RAYMOND SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAPPENED! JUST AS MR. MIND GAVE HIS COMMAND, SOME UNKNOWN INTERFERENCE BLURRED THE TELEVISION IMAGE! CAN THE STUNT BE PERFORMED AGAIN?

NO, YOU BLUNDERING FOOL! CAN I YOU SEE HOW EXHAUSTED I AM? WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT AT LEAST A WEEK BEFORE I CAN RECOVER MY ENERGY!



MEANWHILE, IN THE HIDEOUT OF LITTLE JOE KELLY, NOTORIOUS SAFECRACKER

BOSS, THAT GUY'S TERRIFIC! THINK WHAT WE COULD DO IF WE HAD HIM ON OUR SIDE!  
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I WAS THINKIN'! PICK HIM UP AFTER THE SHOW, BOYS! MAYBE WE CAN MAKE A LITTLE DEAL WITH HIM!



LATER, AS MR MIND HEADS HOME, A SEDAN PULLS UP BESIDE HIM AND

HOLD IT, MISTER. OUR BOSS WOULD LIKE A WORD WITH YOU! IT COULD MEAN A BIG CHUNK OF DOUGH! YOU INTERESTED?  
LITTLE JOE KELLY'S BOYS EH? SURE I'M INTERESTED! LET'S GO!



WHEN THEY REACH THE HIDEOUT...

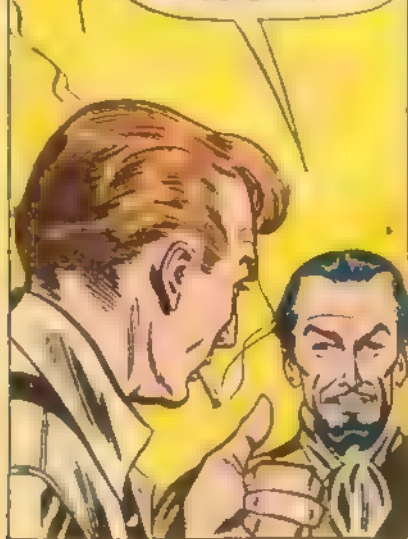
WE AND THE BOYS FIGURE MR MIND THAT WITH YOUR TALENTS IT SHOULD BE SIMPLE TO MELT OPEN SAFES, ANK DOORS. IN FACT IF YOU'RE ON THE LEVEL THERE AIN'T ANYTHING YOU COULDN'T DO! THINK IT'S WORTH FIFTY GRAND TO WORK FOR US?

\$50,000? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, KELLY YOU KNOW I'M MORE VALUABLE THAN THAT!



OKAY I'LL DOUBLE THAT AMOUNT-- EVEN TRIPLE IT! SURE-- 50 G'S... YOU CAN HAVE IT, IN CASH, RIGHT NOW! AND AFTER THE FIRST FEW JOBS THERE'LL BE MORE!

HMM \$150,000 SOUNDS MORE LIKE IT. FOR THAT KELLY WE CAN DO BUSINESS! GIVE ME THE MONEY YOU MAY CALL ME WHENEVER YOU NEED ME. I'LL COOPERATE!



NEXT MORNING AT MR MIND'S APARTMENT...

MR RAYMOND I-- UH, DON'T THINK THE MASTER IS EXPECTING YOU!

GOOD MORNING, STEVENS. I'LL ONLY BE A MOMENT



BUT INSIDE...

WHY MR MIND? DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE LEAVING THE CITY AFTER MAKING SUCH A BIG HIT

UH, JUST FOR THE-- UH-- WEEK-END MY RAYMOND MY ALANT UPSTATE WAS SUDDENLY TAKEN ILL, AND



A WEEK-END UPDATE? 'ALL RIGHT BUT YOU'RE TAKING MORE THAN A DOZEN SHIRTS' THAT'S A LOT OF SHIRTS FOR ONE WEEK-END! JUST WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?



I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT HOW A MAN CAN CRUMPLE CHIMNEYS, SMASH INKWELLS AND LIGHT BULBS MAKE CLOCK HANDS SPIN BACKWARDS AND EVEN MELT LEAD MERELY BY MENTAL COMMAND!



AND?

AND I NOW REALIZE THAT YOUR POWERS ARE ALL A HOAX! THE INTERFERENCE WE GOT ON THE TELEVISION LAST NIGHT AS YOU PERFORMED YOUR LEAD-ME TING STUNT WAS WHAT FIRST TIPPED ME OFF! I INTEND EXPOSING YOU!



HOLD IT, RAYMOND! YOU'VE SAID ENOUGH! I THOUGHT I COULD MAKE A NICE CLEAN GETAWAY BUT YOU CAME OUT CATCHIER THAN I EXPECTED! KEEP HIM COVERED, STEVENS!



RIGHT BOSS

YOUR PISTOL IS SPECIAL-MADE, ISN'T IT, STEVENS? I BELIEVE IT SHOOTS DRY ICE PELLETS-- SUCH AS THE ONES WHICH EXPLODED THE INKWELL AND LIGHT BULBS THEN MELTED... LEAVING NO EVIDENCE!



ABSOLUTELY CORRECT, RAYMOND!

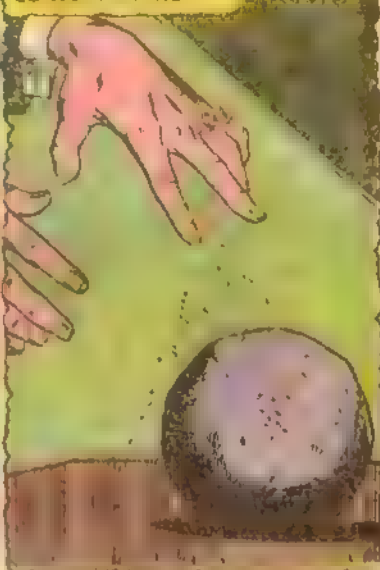
'AS FOR THAT CHIMNEY YOU CRUMPLED IT WAS ACTUALLY WIRED FOR AN EXPLOSION BY STEVENS YOUR ACCOMPLICE! AT THE RIGHT MOMENT HE SET OFF THE BLAST...



"THEN WHILE WE CONCENTRATED ON THE EXPLOSION STEVENS ENTERED THE ROOM... STANDING TO US IN THE PHONE EXTENSION AND FROM HIDING FIRED A PELLET AT THE MANVELL."



"I'D PROBABLY REGGED YOUR COOL WITH A SPECIAL CON-TRAPTION FOR MOVING THE HANDS BACKWARD BUT MELTING LEAD WAS BY FAR YOUR FINEST TRICK. YOU USED THERMITE POWDER WHICH YOU CONCEALED IN A YELLOW RING AND BURNED - A FINE STREAM OF THE LEAD WHEN YOU WERE SUPPOSEDLY CONCENTRATING."



THERMITE POWDER, ONCE IGNITED, WAS HOT AS THE SUN ITSELF! SO THERE'S NO TRICK IN USING IT TO MELT LEAD! AND WHEN I INVESTIGATED THE TELEVISION INTERFERENCE I DISCOVERED EXACTLY HOW YOU IGNITED THE POWDER WITHOUT MY REALIZING IT!



"RADIO SHORT WAVES EXERT ENOUGH HEAT TO SET OFF THERMITE POWDER WHEN YOU RELEASED THE POWDER YOU SIGNALLED TO STEVENS WHO WAS IN THE STUDIO WITH A CONCEALED PORTABLE SHORT WAVE TRANSMITTER..."



"THE THERMITE POWDER WAS IGNITED THE LEAD MELT INSTANTLY AND YOU LOOKED LIKE A GENIUS BUT OUR ENGINEERS FIGURED OUT WHAT CAUSED THE INTERFERENCE AND I FIGURED OUT THE REST..."



AND YOU MADE YOUR MISTAKE IN FIGURING ALL THIS RAYMOND WE'VE JUST CLEANED UP \$150,000 AND I INTEND KEEPING IT... EVEN IF IT MEANS KILLING YOU! SHOOT HIM, STEVENS!



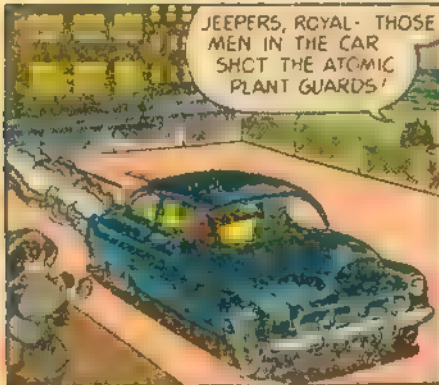


# U.S. ROYAL

WITH HIS  
JET-PROPELLED BIKE



"AFTER THE  
ATOM SPIES"



JEEPERS, ROYAL - THOSE  
MEN IN THE CAR  
SHOT THE ATOMIC  
PLANT GUARDS!

AS THE MYSTERIOUS CAR SPEEDS  
AWAY, DEPUTY U.S. ROYAL AND  
BIKE CLUB BOYS GO INTO ACTION!

BOB, YOU LOOK AFTER  
THOSE GUARDS, WHILE  
TOM NOTIFIES THE  
F.B.I. ... I'M TAKING  
OFF AFTER THAT CAR!



SOON, INSIDE THE CAR...

HEY, SOME GUY  
ON A BIKE IS  
FOLLOWING  
US! SHOULD  
I PLUG HIM?

NAH... SAVE YOUR  
BULLETS, MUGSY  
... WE'LL LOSE  
HIM -- WE'RE  
DOING 60 NOW!



ROYAL FEEDS A SPECIAL CHEMICAL  
IN TO HIS JET ENGINE - STREAKS  
AHEAD OF THE SPEEDING CAR  
AND BLANKETS THE ROAD WITH  
A THICK BLACK JET EXHAUST!



DROP THAT GUN,  
BUD... YOU WON'T  
NEED IT WHERE  
YOU'RE GOING!



WELL, THEY DIDN'T GET VERY  
FAR WITH THE STOLEN ATOMIC  
FORMULA -- THANKS TO YOUR  
TERRIFIC SPEED AND  
ROYAL'S SMOKESCREEN!

LOOKS LIKE OUR  
U.S. ROYALS SAVED  
THE DAY AGAIN!



FELLAS, FOR SPLIT-SECOND STOPS...  
FIRM FOOTING... MORE MILEAGE... AND  
PERFECT CONTROL -- YOU CAN'T BEAT  
U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES, WITH THEIR  
SPECIAL BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN  
TRY THEM AND SEE



"YOU CAN RIDE WITH SAFETY --  
WHEN YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S.  
ROYALS, WITH THE BUILT-IN  
SKID CHAIN". SAYS U.S. ROYAL



NO WEATHER'S TOO ROUGH, NO  
ROADS ARE TOO TOUGH - WHEN  
YOU'RE RIDING ON U.S. ROYAL  
BIKE TIRES, WITH THE SPECIAL  
BUILT-IN SKID CHAIN - BE SAFE...  
GET U.S. ROYALS TODAY!

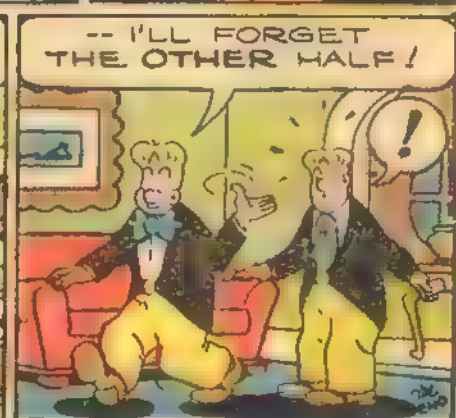
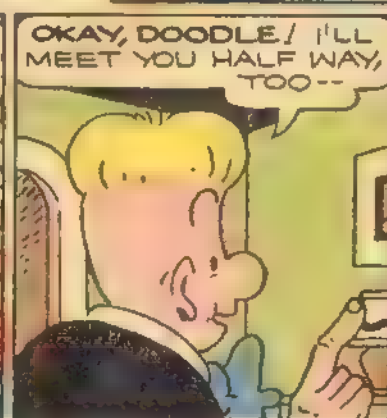
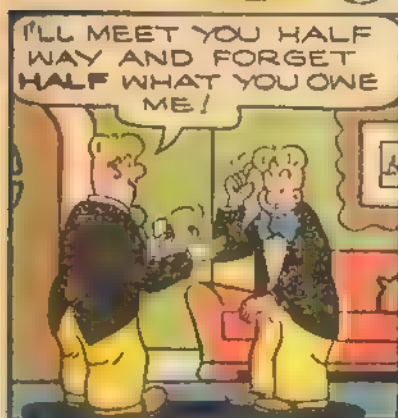
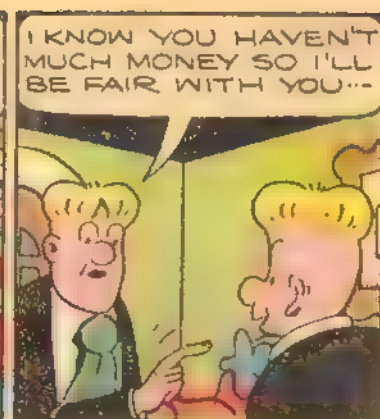
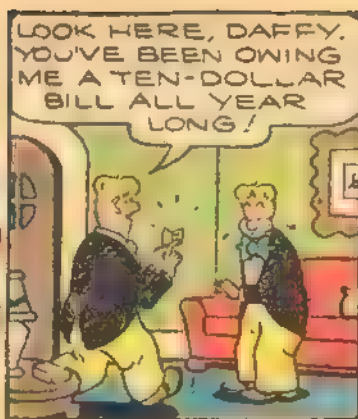
## U.S. ROYAL BIKE TIRES



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UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

# DAFFY & DOODLE

LT-WIN



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# ROBOTMAN



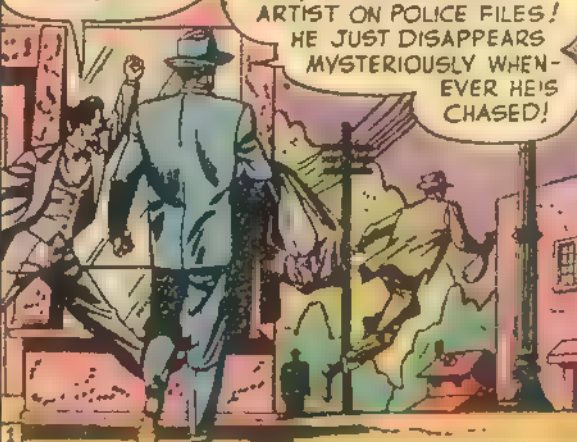
MANY AND STRANGE ARE THE CRIMES ROBOTMAN HAS SOLVED, BUT NONE MORE MYSTERIOUS THAN IN A COUNTRY WHICH NO LONGER EXISTS! THE METAL MARVEL MAY DISAPPEAR FOREVER, UNLESS HE CAN RECOVER THE...

**"DIAMOND KEY TO DOOM!"**

ONE DAY, AS PAUL DENIS TAKES A LEISURELY STROLL...

STOP, THIEF! MY DIAMONDS!

WHAT...? WHY, IT'S SLIPPERY SAM, CLEVEREST SNATCH ARTIST ON POLICE FILES! HE JUST DISAPPEARS MYSTERIOUSLY WHENEVER HE'S CHASED!



INSTANTLY, PAUL SHEDS HIS PLASTIC HUMAN DISGUISE, AND ONCE AGAIN THUNDERS IN PURSUIT AS **ROBOTMAN**, THE METAL MAN WITH A HUMAN BRAIN...

SAVE YOUR BREATH, FOR THE JUDGE, SAM! THIS IS ONE GAME OF HIDE-AND-SEEK YOU'RE LOSING!

OH, YEAH? WE MAY BE PLAYIN' A GAME, ROBOTMAN, BUT IN A FEW MINUTES YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'LL BE "IT"!



SOON, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN...

ONCE I GET  
INSIDE THIS  
CAVE... EEWOW!

TRY TO SLIP OUT  
OF THIS,  
SAM!



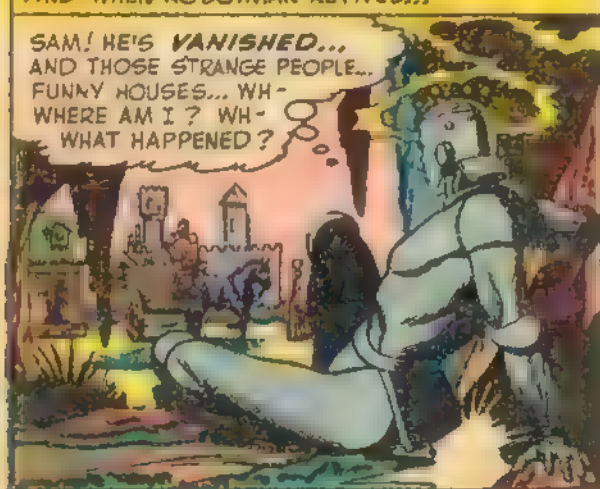
SAM FLINGS THE GEMS AGAINST THE CAVERN WALL, SETTING OFF A SERIES OF WEIRD, OVER-POWERING VIBRATIONS...

WHAT'S HAPPENING?  
...THOSE ECHOES...  
THEY'RE MAKING  
ME DIZZY...  
GOING TO...  
FAINT...



AND WHEN ROBOTMAN REVIVES...

SAM! HE'S **VANISHED**...  
AND THOSE STRANGE PEOPLE...  
FUNNY HOUSES... WH-  
WHERE AM I? WH-  
WHAT HAPPENED?



MAYBE THIS OLD GENT  
CAN HELP ME OUT!

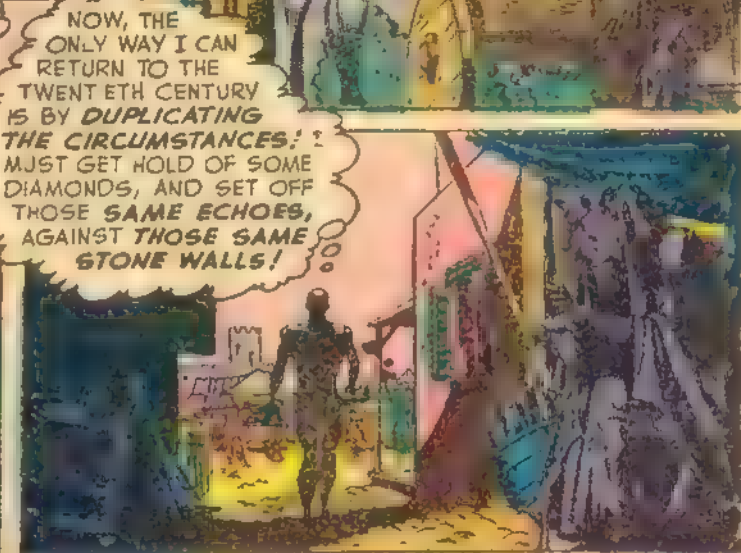
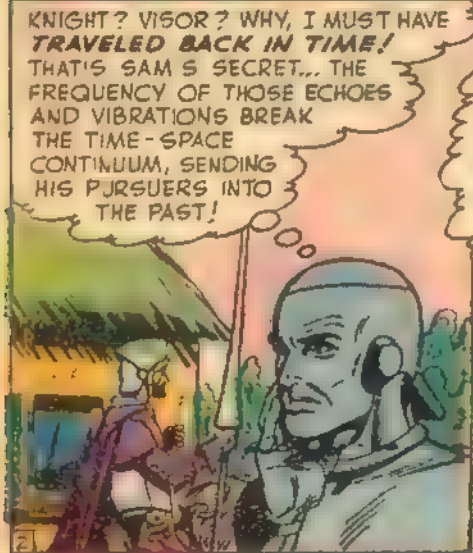
C-COULD YOU TELL  
ME WHAT TOWN THIS  
IS, FRIEND?

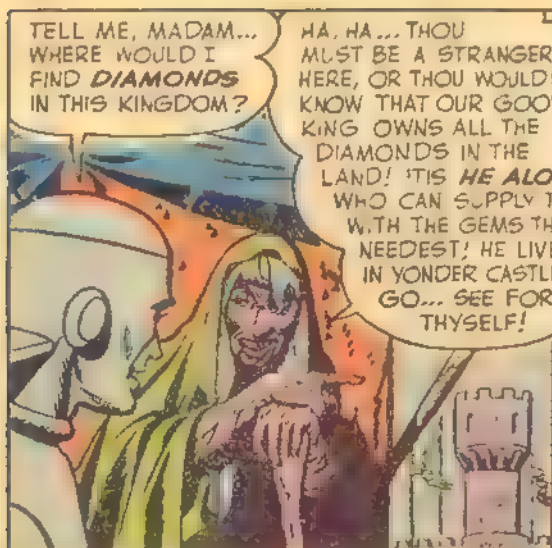
TOWN? 'TIS NO  
TOWN, FAR KNIGHT...  
BUT THE REALM OF  
GOOD KING WENSCOT!  
BUT TELL **ME** WHY  
TRAVEL YE  
WITH YOUR  
**VISOR**  
DOWN?



KNIGHT? VISOR? WHY, I MUST HAVE  
**TRAVELED BACK IN TIME!**  
THAT'S SAM'S SECRET... THE  
FREQUENCY OF THOSE ECHOES  
AND VIBRATIONS BREAK  
THE TIME-SPACE  
CONTINUUM, SENDING  
HIS PURSUERS INTO  
THE PAST!

NOW, THE  
ONLY WAY I CAN  
RETURN TO THE  
TWENTIETH CENTURY  
IS BY **DUPLICATING  
THE CIRCUMSTANCES!** I  
MUST GET HOLD OF SOME  
DIAMONDS, AND SET OFF  
THOSE **SAME ECHOES**,  
AGAINST THOSE **SAME  
STONE WALLS!**





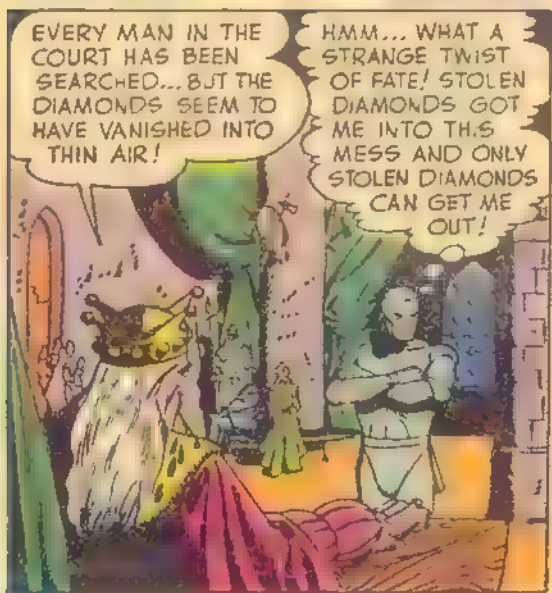
TELL ME, MADAM... WHERE WOULD I FIND **DIAMONDS** IN THIS KINGDOM?

HA, HA... THOU MUST BE A STRANGER HERE, OR THOU WOULDST KNOW THAT OUR GOOD KING OWNS ALL THE DIAMONDS IN THE LAND! 'TIS **HE ALONE** WHO CAN SUPPLY THEE WITH THE GEMS THOU NEEDEST! HE LIVES IN YONDER CASTLE! GO... SEE FOR THYSELF!



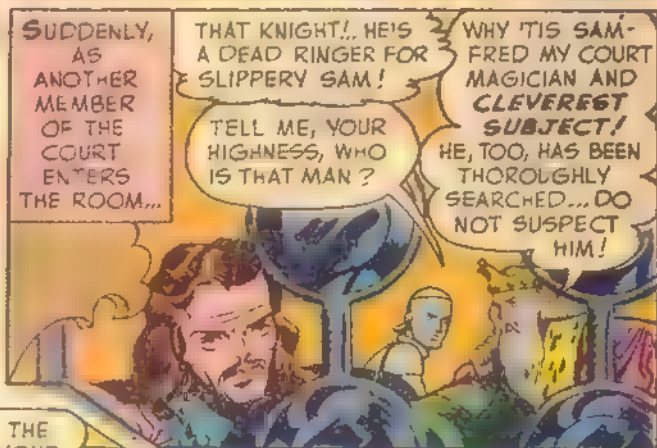
BUT LATER WHEN ROBOTMAN APPEALS TO THE KING HIMSELF...

DIAMONDS? FORSOOTH, STRANGE KNIGHT, THOU ART **TOO LATE...** FOR NOT TWO HOURS PAST, SOME KNAVE STOLE ALL MY GEMS, HERE, **IN THIS PALACE!** YET IF THOU CAN GET THEM BACK, I SHALL LET THEE TAKE HALF!



EVERY MAN IN THE COURT HAS BEEN SEARCHED... BUT THE DIAMONDS SEEM TO HAVE VANISHED INTO THIN AIR!

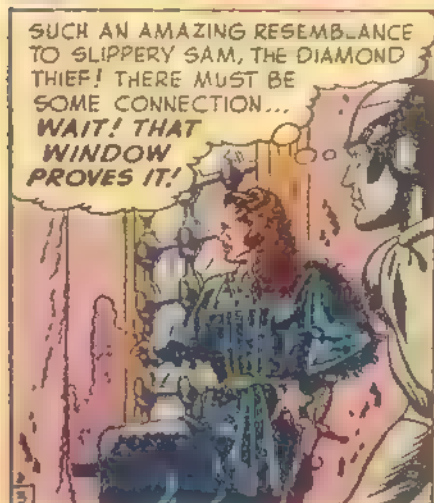
HMM... WHAT A STRANGE TWIST OF FATE! STOLEN DIAMONDS GOT ME INTO THIS MESS AND ONLY STOLEN DIAMONDS CAN GET ME OUT!



SUDDENLY, AS ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE COURT ENTERS THE ROOM...

THAT KNIGHT!.. HE'S A DEAD RINGER FOR SLIPPERY SAM!

WHY 'TIS SAM-FRED MY COURT MAGICIAN AND **CLEVEREST SUBJECT!** HE, TOO, HAS BEEN THOROUGHLY SEARCHED... DO NOT SUSPECT HIM!



SUCH AN AMAZING RESEMBLANCE TO SLIPPERY SAM, THE DIAMOND THIEF! THERE MUST BE SOME CONNECTION... **WAIT! THAT WINDOW PROVES IT!**



HERE'S THE THIEF, YOUR MAJESTY! YOU'LL FIND THE DIAMONDS ON HIS **SLEEVE BUTTONS!**

UNHAND ME, FOOL! THEY ARE BUT PIECES OF **PAINTED GLASS!**

NOT PAINTED GLASS, BUT **PAINTED DIAMONDS!** I'LL WAGER THESE BUTTONS WERE **HOLLOW** THIS MORNING!

AYE... SO THEY WERE... AND THESE **ARE** DIAMONDS! THE RASCAL SLIPPED THEM INTO THE BUTTONS AND PAINTED THEM OVER! BUT HOW DID YOU KNOW, STRANGER?

THIS WINDOW, YOUR MAJESTY... AS SAMFRED DREW HIS ARM ALONG IT, HE **SCRATCHED THE GLASS!** ONLY DIAMONDS ARE ABLE TO EAT INTO GLASS!

'TIS A TRICK... SOME SORT OF **BLACK MAGIC!** I'LL PROVE IT... **THUS!**

ACCORDING TO OUR ANCESTORS, IF A MAN ACCUSES FALSELY, THE GODS WILL THAT HE LOSES IN BATTLE! I DEMAND TRIAL BY ARMS!

AYE... A SWORD... THE TRUTH MUST BE PROVEN IN COMBAT!

INSTANTLY STEEL BITES STEEL, AS SHARP SWORDS FLASH IN DEADLY ARCS...

AHA! SAMFRED **MUST** BE FALSELY ACCUSED! SEE HOW HE PASSES THE UNKNOWN KNIGHT!

WHEW! THIS FELLOW'S TOO EXPERIENCED FOR ME! I CAN'T BREAK THROUGH HIS DEFENSE!

FURIOUSLY, THE DUEL CONTINUES, BUT SAMFRED'S SUPERIOR SWORDSMANSHIP SOON TAKES TOLL...

LOOK! THE UNKNOWN KNIGHT'S ARM IS SEVERED! YET, HE DOESN'T SEEM HURT!

I CAN'T BEAT HIS TRAINED SKILL... MUST USE MY WITS!

I CAN EASILY SCREW THIS ARM BACK IN PLACE, BUT THAT WON'T DO ANY GOOD... UNLESS... **THAT'S IT!** I KNOW HOW TO BEAT HIM!

GRABBING HIS ARM, THE METAL MAN ATTACHES IT SO THAT IT IS EXTENDED

CONVENIENT, THESE ADJUSTABLE PARTS!

NOW, MY SLIPPERY FRIEND. LET'S FIGHT!

ZOUNDS! HIS ARM... DOUBLED... IMPOSSIBLE!

TERRIFIED, THE CROOKED KNIGHT TURNS IN FLIGHT...

YE, THE TRUTH IS ON HIS SIDE... BUT STILL... THE DIAMONDS ARE MINE!

AFTER HIM... QUICKLY!

YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, UNKNOWN KNIGHT... NOT IF I REACH MY HIDING PLACE AT THE CAVE!

HIDING PLACE? CAVE? WHY, THAT'S JUST WHAT SLIPPERY SAM SAID WHEN I WAS CHASING HIM!

MOMENTS LATER...

TOO LATE! ONLY SAMFRED KNOWS THE SECRET ENTRANCE TO THE DOORLESS TOWER... AND NONE BUT A FLY COULD SCALE ITS WALLS!

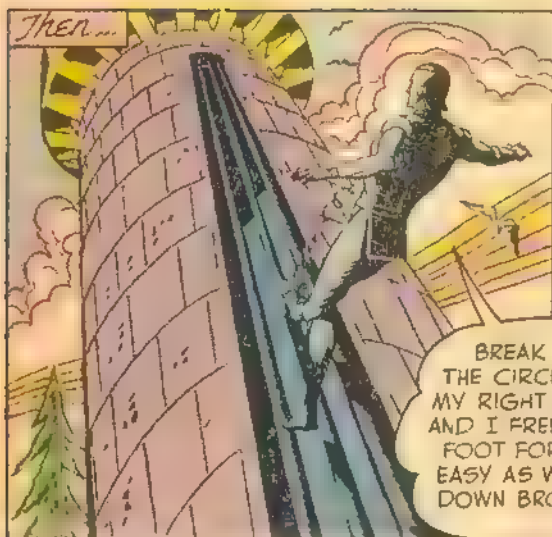
BUT THERE IS A WAY OF REACHING HIM... WATCH!

FIRST, I REMOVE THE WIRES FROM MY AUXILIARY GENERATOR AND RE-WIND THEM PARALLEL TO THE SOLES OF MY FEET! THEN, I CONNECT THEM TO MY CENTRAL MOTOR... AND I'M READY TO PURSUE SAMFRED ONCE AGAIN!

WH-WHAT STRANGE SORCERY IS THIS?

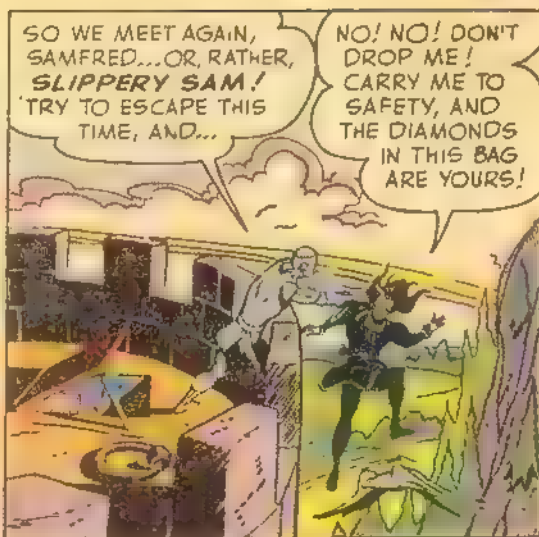
ROBOTMAN PLANTS HIS WIRED FEET ON THE LOWER WINDOW...

LUCKY THESE WINDOWS ARE IRON-BARRED! ELECTRIC CURRENT RUNNING THROUGH THE WIRES MAKES THEM ELECTRO-MAGNETS!

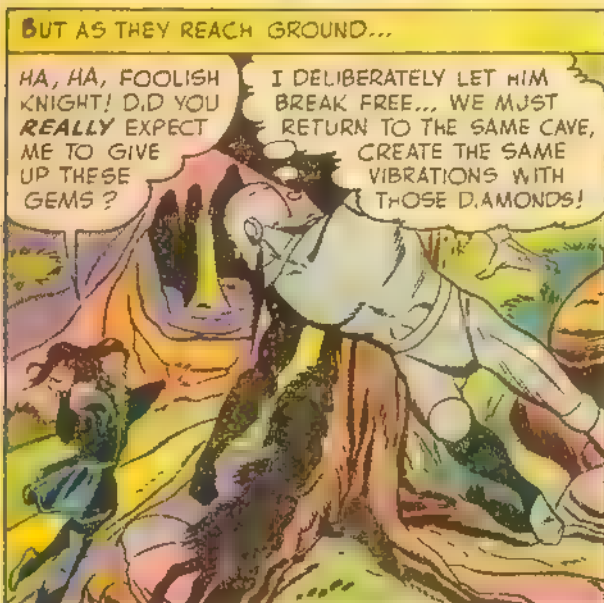


STEP BY STEP, HE CLAMBERS UP THE TOWER WALLS... AND WHEN HE REACHES SAMFRED...

BREAK THE CIRCUIT ON MY RIGHT SIDE... AND I FREE MY RIGHT FOOT FOR A STEP! EASY AS WALKING DOWN BROADWAY!



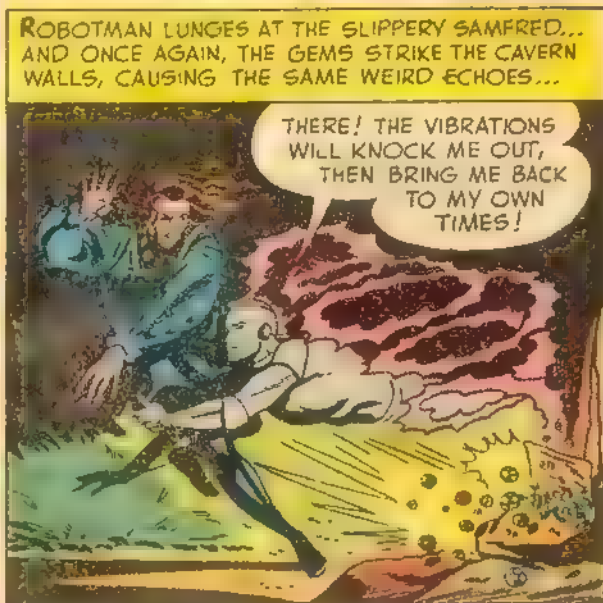
NO! NO! DON'T DROP ME! CARRY ME TO SAFETY, AND THE DIAMONDS IN THIS BAG ARE YOURS!



BUT AS THEY REACH GROUND...

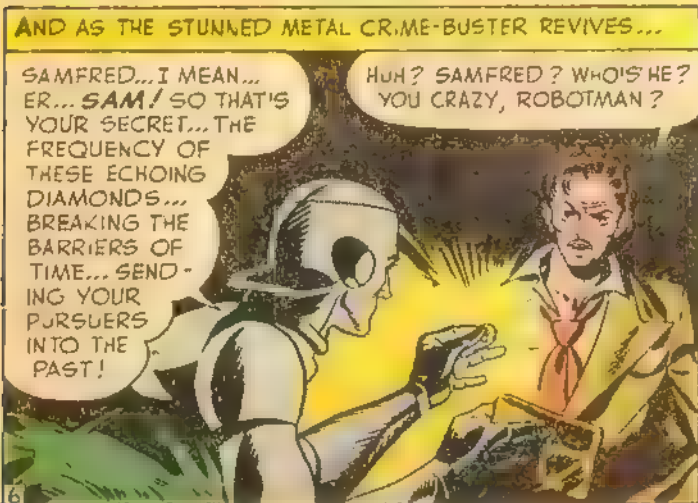
HA, HA, FOOLISH KNIGHT! DID YOU **REALLY** EXPECT ME TO GIVE UP THESE GEMS?

I DELIBERATELY LET HIM BREAK FREE... WE MUST RETURN TO THE SAME CAVE, CREATE THE SAME VIBRATIONS WITH THOSE DIAMONDS!



ROBOTMAN LUNGES AT THE SLIPPERY SAMFRED... AND ONCE AGAIN, THE GEMS STRIKE THE CAVERN WALLS, CAUSING THE SAME WEIRD ECHOES...

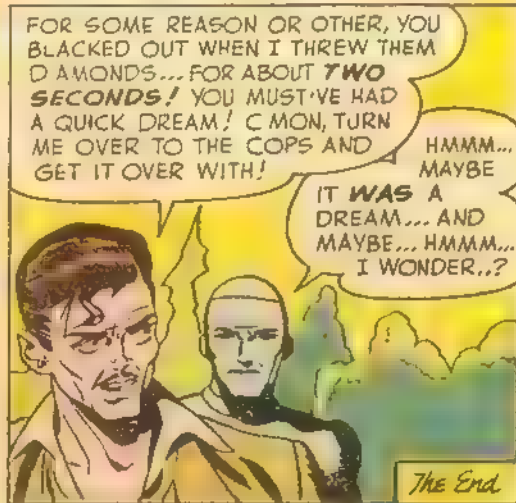
THERE! THE VIBRATIONS WILL KNOCK ME OUT, THEN BRING ME BACK TO MY OWN TIMES!



AND AS THE STUNNED METAL CR-ME-BUSTER REVIVES...

SAMFRED...I MEAN... ER... **SAM!** SO THAT'S YOUR SECRET...THE FREQUENCY OF THESE ECHOING DIAMONDS... BREAKING THE BARRIERS OF TIME... SEND-ING YOUR PURSUERS INTO THE PAST!

HUH? SAMFRED? WHO'S HE? YOU CRAZY, ROBOTMAN?



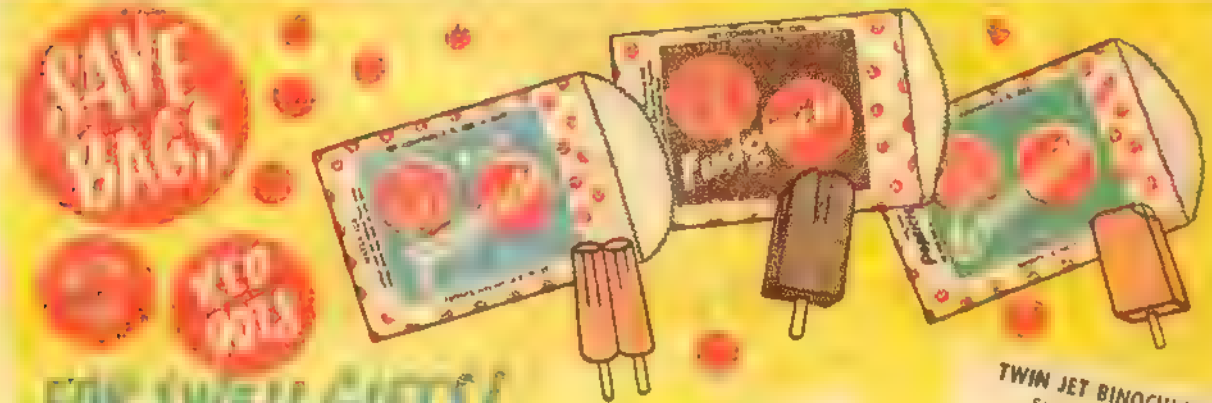
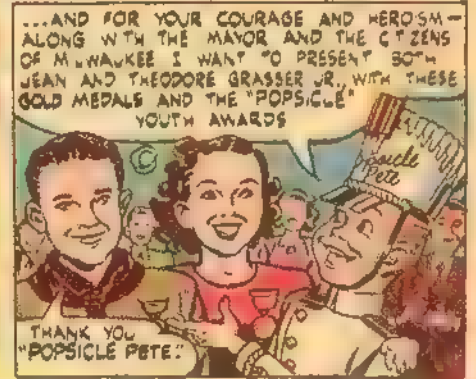
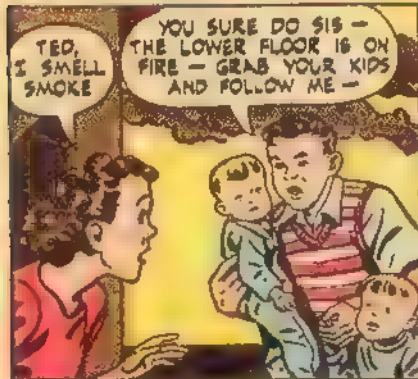
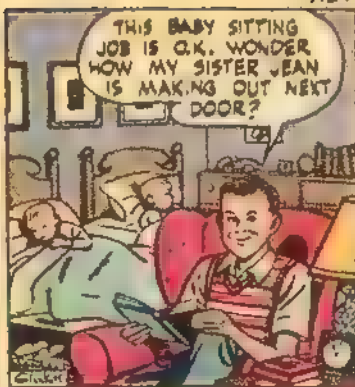
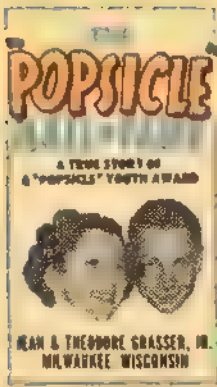
FOR SOME REASON OR OTHER, YOU BLACKED OUT WHEN I THREW THEM DIAMONDS... FOR ABOUT **TWO SECONDS!** YOU MUST'VE HAD A QUICK DREAM! C MON, TURN ME OVER TO THE COPS AND GET IT OVER WITH!

HMMM... MAYBE

IT WAS A DREAM... AND MAYBE... HMMM... I WONDER..?

The End

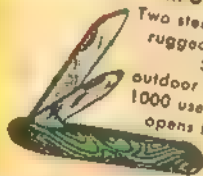
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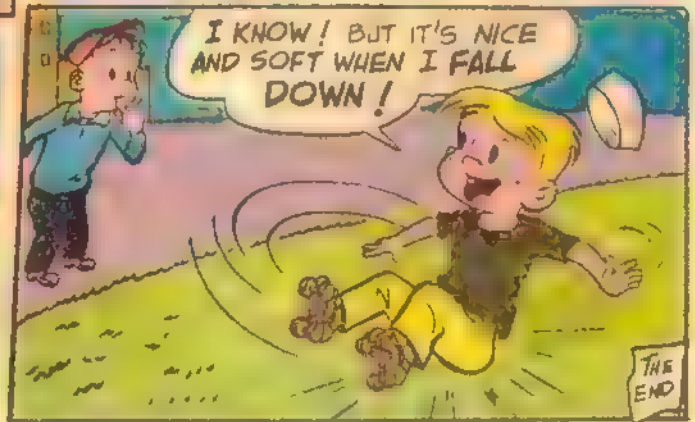
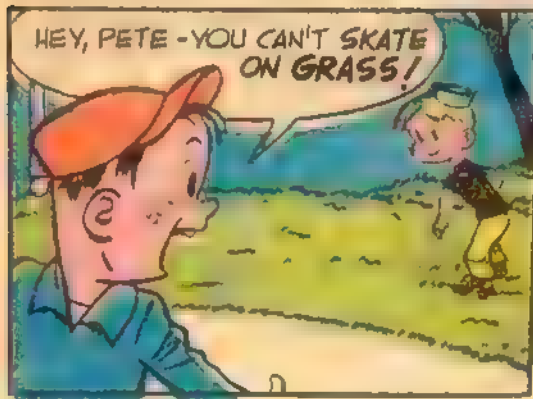
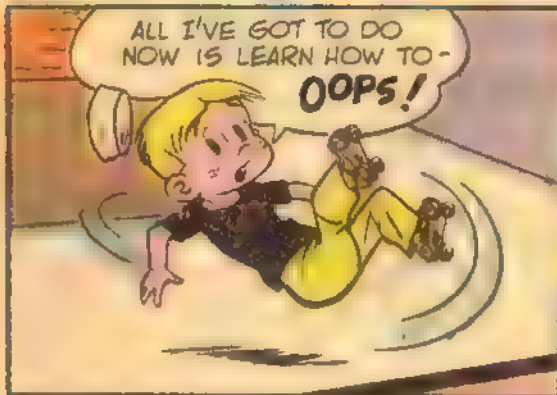
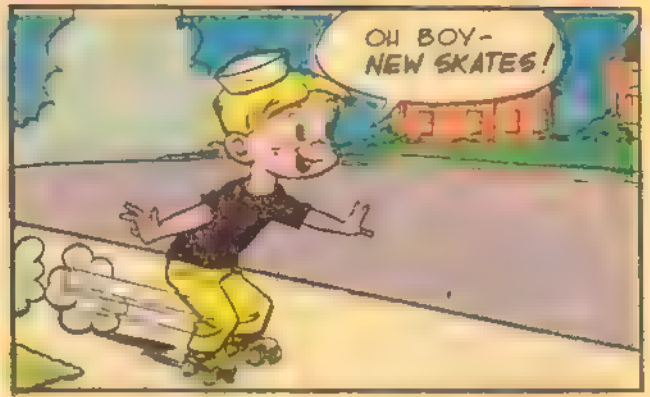
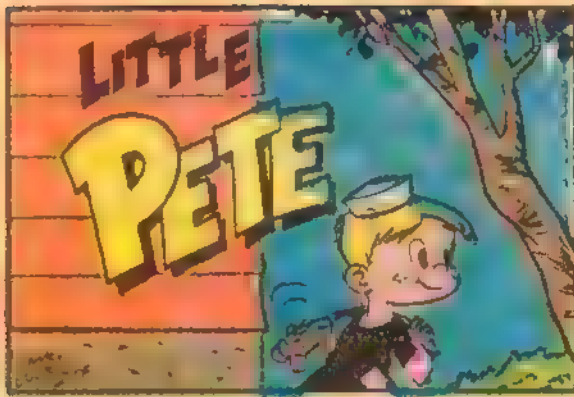
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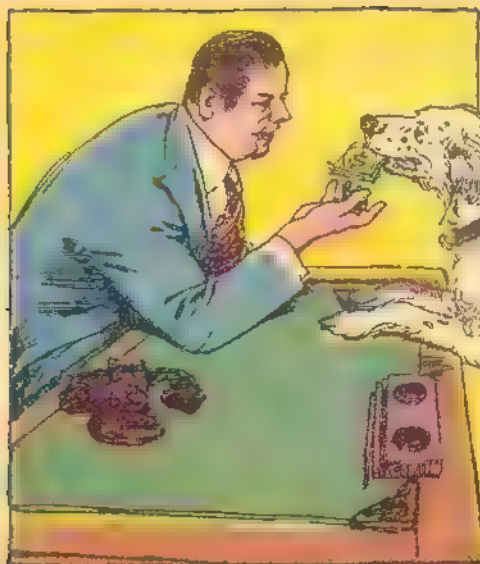
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NESTLÉ CRUNCH

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Delicious-Different

Lamont, Curless & Co.



## BUSINESSMAN'S BEST FRIEND

**A**CCORDING to the Bureau of Internal Revenue, a man's dog is not a deductible dependent within the meaning of the income tax law. The Bureau figures that Rover eats scraps from the table, contents himself with his own skin for clothing, and requires no more than a friendly pat when sick.

This view is sadly behind the times. Today, 17,000,000 dog owners spend several hundred million dollars a year feeding, clothing, housing, registering, grooming, photographing, showing, amusing, doctoring and burying the 20,000,000 canine members of the American population. Consider the statistics:

Dog owners bought a billion pounds of prepared dog food last year, spending \$120,000,000.

"The Fancy," as dog fanciers are known in the trade, paid some \$700,000 to register nearly 250,000 dogs in the American Kennel Club. They paid \$2,000,000 just to attend dog shows. One professional manager of dog shows collected \$600,000 in entrance fees from 150,000 owners who hoped their pets would win cash prizes ranging from \$3,000 to \$20,000, or at least a blue ribbon.

Those who regard the relation between

pooch and master as a strictly private affair will be startled to learn the facts of organized dogdom. In addition to the blue-blooded American Kennel Club, there's the American Field which records the pedigrees of 25,000 sporting dogs a year and the United Kennel Club which registers some dogs that the American Kennel Club doesn't recognize. In addition, there are over 100 associations dedicated to the preservation, promotion, and purity of individual breeds.

Over 100 American and British magazines are devoted to the dog; and two popular columns on dog care and training are widely syndicated by newspapers. A series of 13 weekly radio forums featuring Tom Farley was aired in 674 communities last summer.

National Dog Week, with Arthur Godfrey as general chairman, is observed in more than 3,000 communities, and the National Dog Welfare Guild, which sponsors it, maintains a year round office to carry on its work. Societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals flourish in nearly every U. S. town and city.

Dr. Clive M. McCay, professor of Animal Nutrition at Cornell, won the National Dog Week award of \$2,000 for his outstanding contribution to canine medicine. At present

he is studying the digestive processes in dogs to solve the dietary problems of the aged and mentally ill.

Fluorine protection against tooth decay, now being recommended for children, is old stuff to Dr. McCay, who early discovered that fluorine added to drinking water preserves a dog's vitally important teeth.

Although urban living presents many problems to dog owners, 38% of the U. S. dog population lives in cities. Half the nation's dogs live on farms, and the remaining 12.5 percent in rural non-farm areas. The average dog, figuring in everything from Great Danes to Pekingese, eats a pound of food a day, or half as much as a person. Of 6,000 dog-owning families studied by the Psychological Corporation, 26% reported that Brother fed the dog; 22 percent said Sister, 24 gave the job to Dad. But pinch-hitter for them all was Mother, who feeds the family pet about 73% of the time.

Makers of dog food are currently spending impressive sums on nutritional research and taste preference.

Manufacturers of first grade canned types, for instance, claim their product is the only completely balanced diet for man or beast sold in a single package. Cannermen test a dog-food formula first on fast-breeding white rats and hamsters, and only later, in kennels kept specifically for the purpose. Several of the companies have records of generations of dogs that have existed on a single formula from the day they were weaned until they died, years later, of plain old age.

An entire section of the Department of Agriculture is devoted to inspecting and certifying better brands of canned foods. Manufacturers who accept this service and meet the high specifications for contents and cleanliness are entitled to carry the Department's seal of approval.

Typical of the reaction of dogs to this better food is the behavior of Bouncer, a five house mascot. Bouncer used to slip unnoticed into the neighborhood grocery to filch a can of his favorite dog food off the

shelf. The grocer retaliated by hiding Bouncer's brand behind two rows of canned tomatoes. Not to be outdone, Bouncer paid his usual morning call, sniffed the dog food out, nosed the tomato cans aside, and made a clean getaway with his accustomed booty. The disgusted grocer now bills the fire station every Saturday.

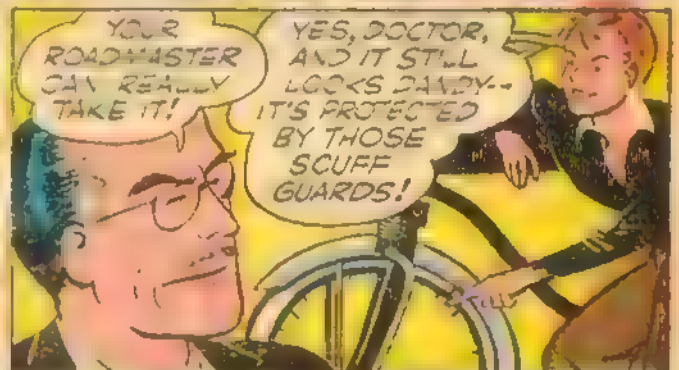
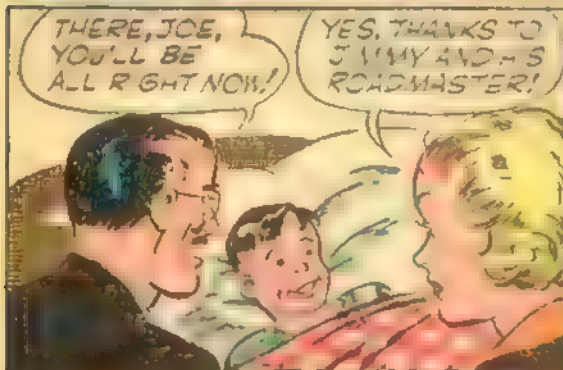
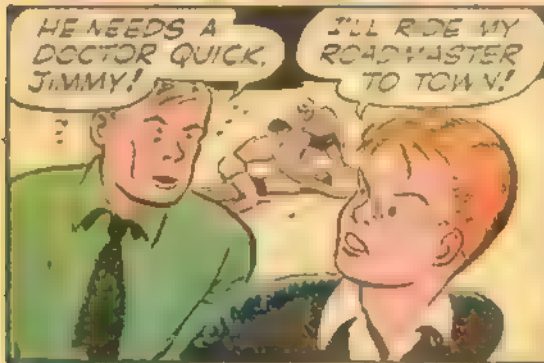
Food manufacturers and grocers are not the only businessmen interested in dogs. Dog boarding house keepers charge about \$30 a month for the care and feeding of Rover when the family goes away, and 1200 hotels stand ready to serve him if he travels with his master. Half a dozen top dog handlers earn close to \$25,000 a year teaching showdogs how to behave. Newest development in canine education is the instruction of owners in modern principles of dog pedagogy. Several hundred teachers hold regular classes in which dogs are enrolled with their masters. In the course of eight or nine sessions, dogs learn the basic rules of good manners. Masters learn how to command and punish in a way that will inspire the dog's confidence.

Doctors also render professional services. Many of the nation's 12,000 veterinarians work in dog hospitals where the latest drugs and techniques are used. Most of the operations performed on humans are also performed on dogs.

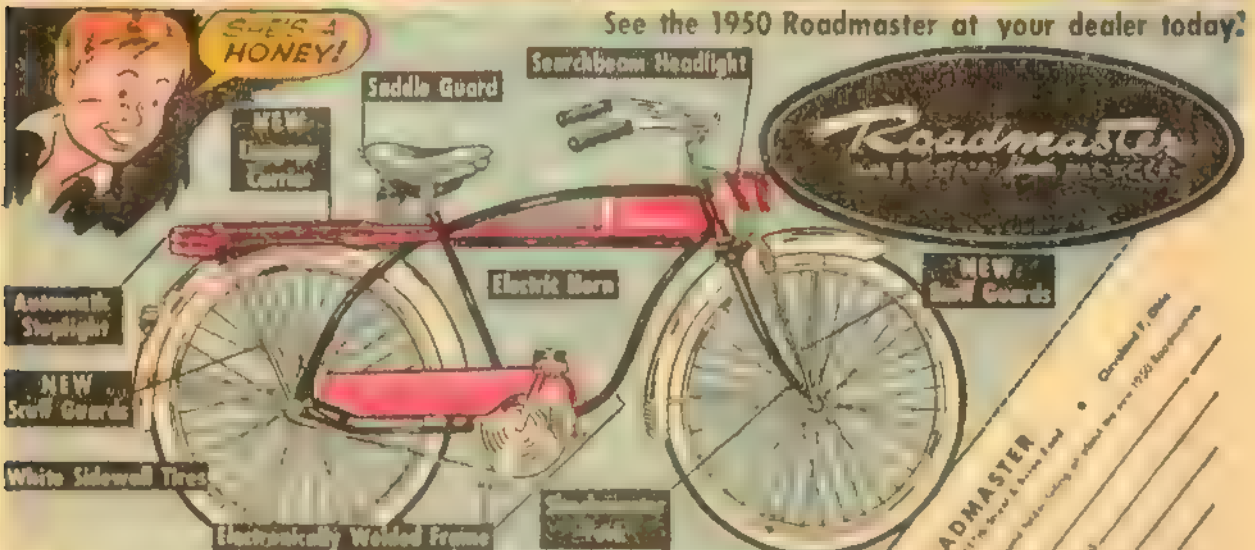
A natural result of the expensive care, feeding, and thought devoted to dogs has been their increased value. Prize-winning Cocker Spaniels, Boxers, Chihuahuas, German Shepherds, Beagles, and Collies bring upwards of \$1,000, and sales at \$5,000 have been recorded. However, very good dogs can be bought for less than \$500, and well-descended puppies are often sold for less than \$100.

In order to protect valuable dogs, owners consider measures against its two major enemies—the automobile and the thief. Special traffic training for dogs is suggested for the former. To foil the latter, a nation-wide tattooing service provides painless but indisputable proof of each dog's identity.

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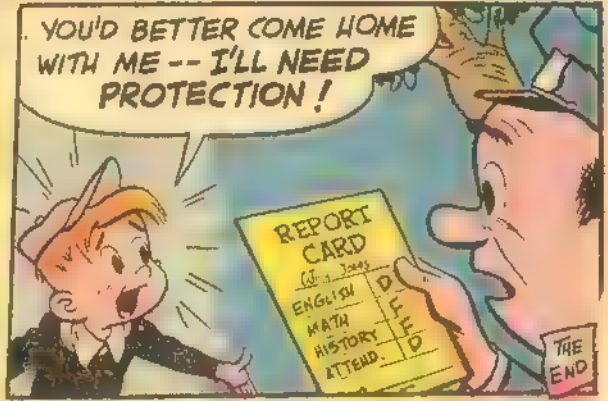
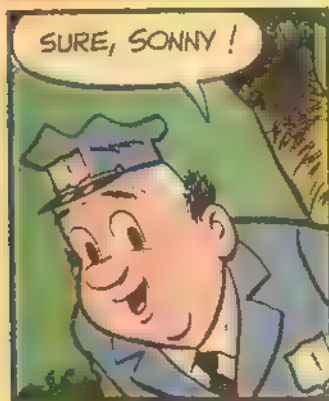
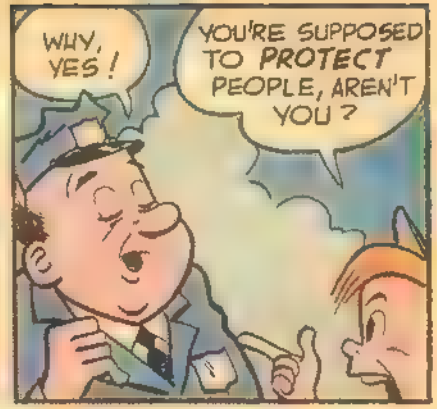
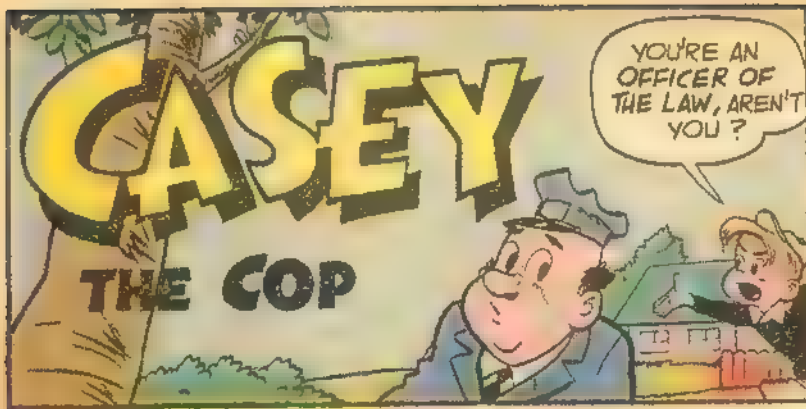


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# 1951

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### HERE'S HOW TO GET YOUR BALL!

Just save the red, white and blue foil wrappers from Penny Breeze—the Atom Bubble Gum. When you have collected 50 wrappers, mail them with your name, address, and the word "BASEBALL" or "SOFTBALL" plus 25¢ to BAZOOKA, Box 100, Brooklyn 32, N. Y. You may send in as often as you wish. You'll get an Official League Baseball or an Official Softball for every group of 50 wrappers plus 25¢ by return mail! But start saving wrappers NOW! This offer expires July 30, 1950.



**Prizes Comics**

# 2 BIG CHEWS 1¢



# POW-WOW SMITH

INDIAN  
LAW-  
MAN

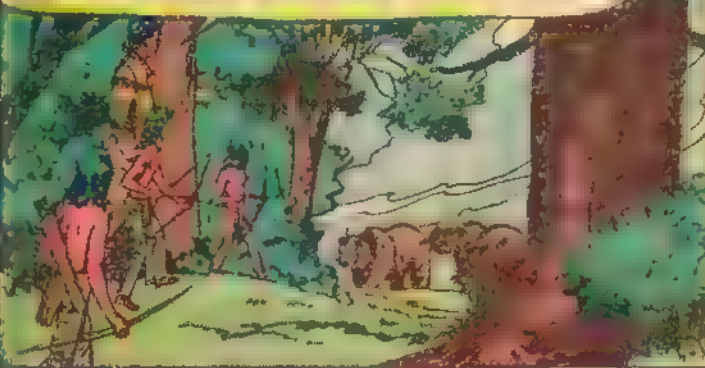
A BIG-CITY DETECTIVE GOES WEST ON A MANHUNT! NO CHANCE TO USE MODERN POLICE METHODS WAY OUT IN THE WIDE OPEN SPACES--NO HANDY POLICE LABORATORY, NO "NOTHING" IT SEEMS BUT THERE IS SOMETHING TO TAKE THEIR PLACE--A MAN, A MAN BEST KNOWN AS POW-WOW SMITH, INDIAN DETECTIVE! AND SINCE IT HAPPENS THAT THE NAME OF THE CITY DETECTIVE IS SMITH TOO, THE FLEEING CROOKS FIND THEMSELVES UP AGAINST THE UNBEATABLE COMBINATION OF

**"TWO DETECTIVES  
NAMED SMITH!"**



IN FAR-AWAY RED DEER VALLEY, IN THE SEASON WHEN THE PLUMS REDDEN ON THE TREES, OHIYESA (THE WINNER) -- KNOWN AS POW-WOW SMITH -- TEACHES SIOUX YOUTH THE WOOD LORE HE KNOWS SO WELL.

SEE! OLD GRIZZLY EATS FROM THE BERRY PATCHES! WHEN YOU HUNT THE MOOSE, STAY AWAY FROM THE BERRY PATCHES! OLD GRIZZLY MAKES TROUBLE!

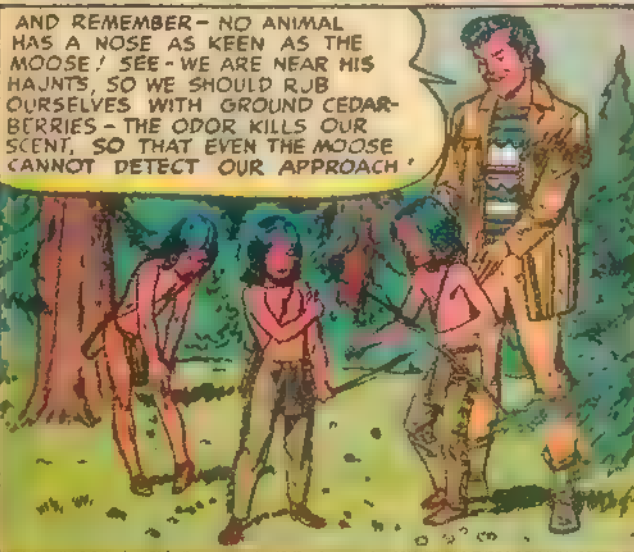


HE TEACHES THEM WHERE TO FIND THE SCENTED HERBS, WHERE TO CATCH THE TASTY BROOK TROUT, TO KNOW THE CALL OF SHECHOKA (THE ROBIN) AND GOPEHANSKA (THE THRUSH)

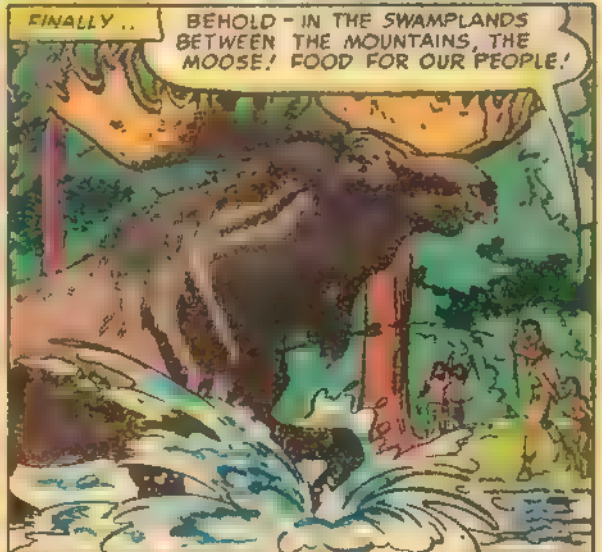
HARK! SHECHOKA SINGS SWEETLY -- ALL IS WELL! BUT WHEN SHECHOKA SCREECHES, BEWARE THE COUGAR!



AND REMEMBER -- NO ANIMAL HAS A NOSE AS KEEN AS THE MOOSE! SEE -- WE ARE NEAR HIS HAJNTS, SO WE SHOULD RUB OURSELVES WITH GROUND CEDAR-BERRIES -- THE ODOR KILLS OUR SCENT, SO THAT EVEN THE MOOSE CANNOT DETECT OUR APPROACH!



FINALLY... BEHOLD -- IN THE SWAMPLANDS BETWEEN THE MOUNTAINS, THE MOOSE! FOOD FOR OUR PEOPLE!



AT THE VERY MOMENT THAT OHIYESA IS BRINGING DOWN THE MOOSE, BIG KNIVES (PALEFACES) FAR AWAY IN A BIG CITY ARE ENTERING A JEWELRY STORE -- MEN WHO ARE DESTINED TO CROSS TRAILS WITH THE FAMED SIOUX HUNTER AND DETECTIVE

MIDGET'S GOT THE DOOR OPEN! LET'S GO!



GIVE THE MIDGET ALL HE CAN CARRY! THEN WE'LL GRAB THE REST! THIS STUFF IS WORTH HALF A MILLION! HURRY IT UP!



**MORNING - THE BURGLARY IS DISCOVERED - THE POLICE ARE CALLED!**

OKAY--WE'LL PUT THE FORCE'S BEST DETECTIVE ON THE CASE! MAN NAMED SMITH...LIEUTENANT BERT SMITH!

**PRESENTLY...**

I'D TRUST EVERY ONE OF MY EMPLOYEES, LIEUTENANT! YET IT APPEARS TO BE AN **INSIDE JOB!** THE ALARM WAS BROKEN FROM INSIDE! NOT OUTSIDE!

I SEE!

IT HASN'T RAINED LATELY! WHY THE UMBRELLA?

I ALWAYS LEAVE IT THERE! I KEEP ONE AT HOME, TOO! DOES THAT HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE CASE?

YES--PLENTY! THE WAY I SEE IT, SOMEONE CAME IN DURING WORKING HOURS, SNEAKED BEHIND THE UMBRELLA AND HID THERE UNTIL YOU CLOSED! SEE--HE EVEN ENJOYED A FEW CIGARETTES WHILE LATER WAITING FOR HIS FRIENDS!

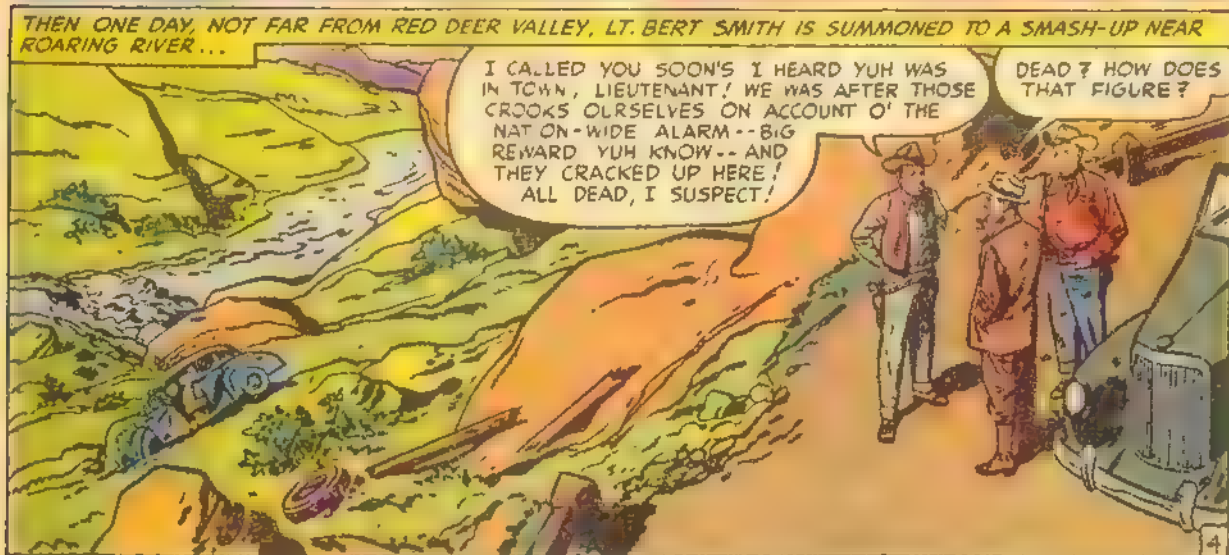
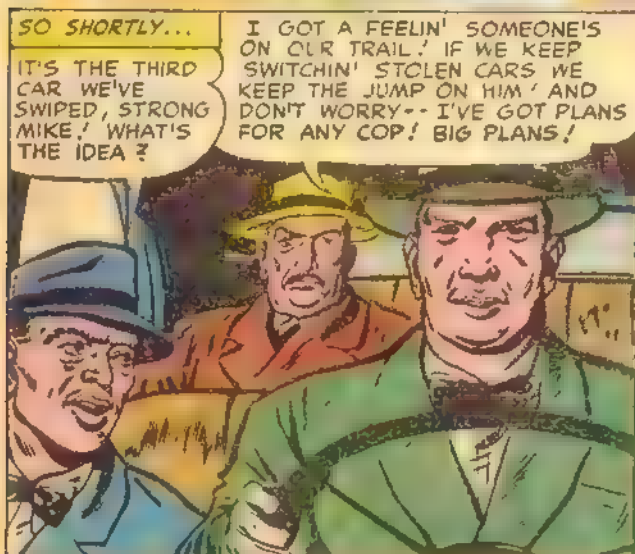
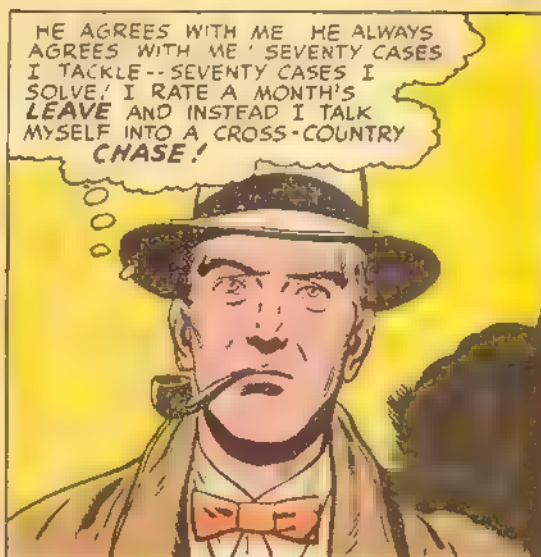
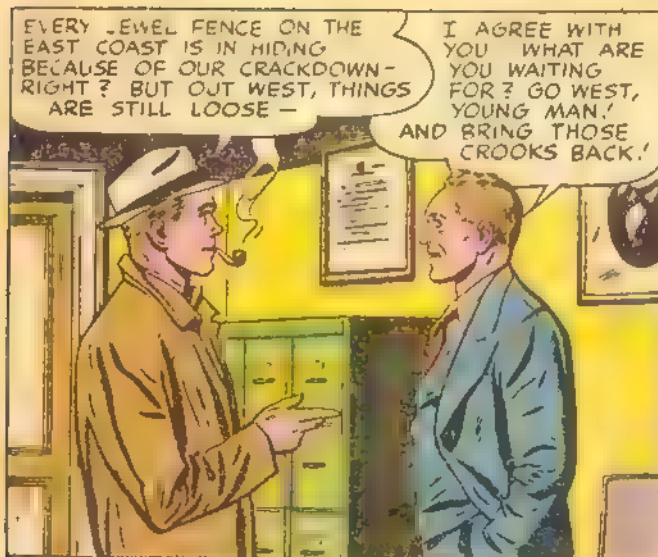
FANTASTIC! WHY, ONLY A MERE **CHILD** COULD CONCEAL HIMSELF BEHIND AN UMBRELLA!

A CHILD DOESN'T SMOKE CIGARETTES. UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, IT WAS A VERY CLEVER LITTLE CROOK CALLED **THE MIDGET!**

**BACK AT HEADQUARTERS...**

ALL RIGHT, BERT--I AGREE WITH YOU-- THE JOB WAS PULLED BY STRONG MIKE CLEARY, JACKIE RAE BURN AND THE MIDGET! THE QUESTION IS HOW CAN WE LAY OUR HANDS ON THEM?

WELL, IF YOU WANT MY OPINION, THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY **WEST!**



I OPINE THEM CROOKS WAS BADLY INJURED, SEE. AN' THEY ROLLED FROM THE CAR INTO THE RIVER. SEE THE MARKINGS OF IT? NOW THIS RIVER'S GOT SOME PRETTY BAD RAPIDS 'EVEN A HEALTHY MAN GETS DROWNED N' EM' THEM CROOKS IS DONE IN!

HMM... THERE ARE NO TRACKS LEADING AWAY FROM THE SCENE, SO IT'S PROBABLY AS YOU SAY!

WELL, WE'LL SOON GET A FINAL CHECK ON IT! POW-WOW SMITH'S ON HIS WAY HERE! HE'LL KNOW!

POW-WOW SMITH? WHO'S HE?

IT SEEMS TO ME THAT THE CAR WAS **PUSHED** FROM THE HIGHWAY! I DON'T THINK **ANYBODY** WAS IN IT WHEN IT HIT!

HUH?? WHO ARE YOU, SNEAKING UP LIKE THAT -

HE'S POW-WOW! BEEN EXPECTIN' YUH, SON! HE WALKS LIKE A CAT, LIEUTENANT! BEST DETECTIVE IN THE WEST!

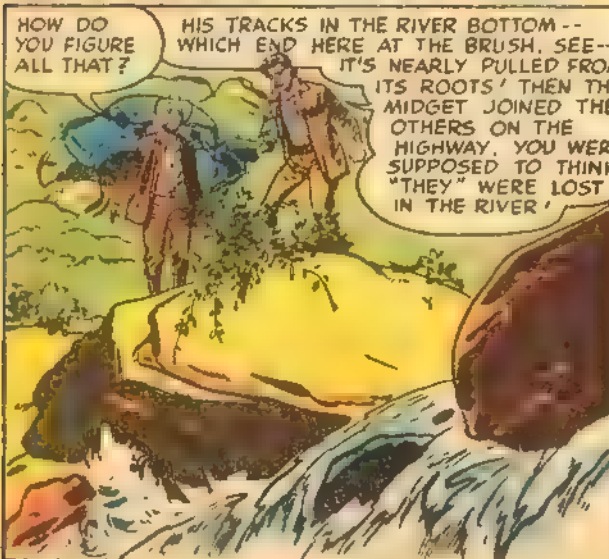
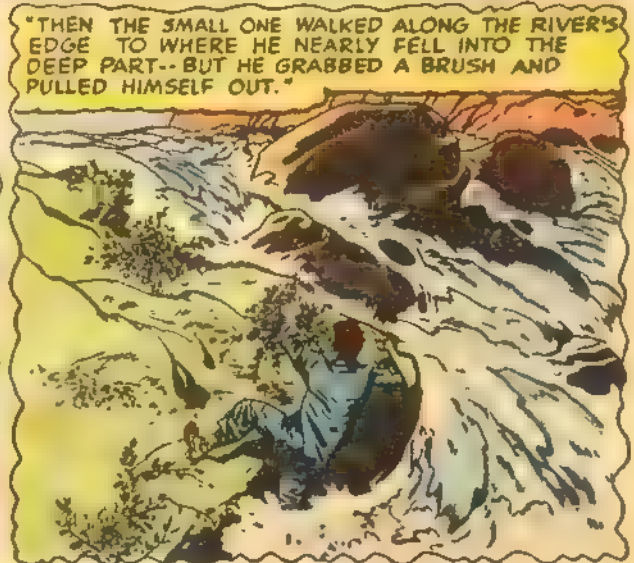
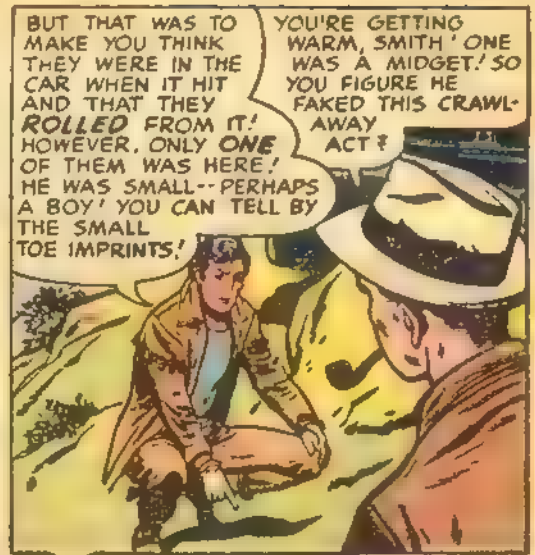
SEVENTY CASES I'VE BEEN ON-- SEVENTY CASES I'VE SOLVED! TELL ME, MR. SMITH, WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THEY **PUSHED** THE CAR OFF?

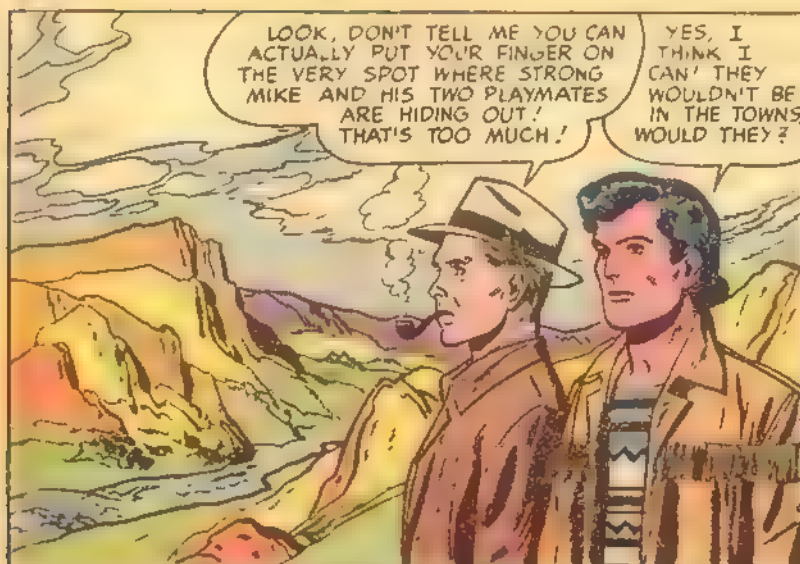
THE GEAR SHIFT-- IT'S IN NEUTRAL.

SO IT IS! BUT IT COULD HAVE BEEN JARRED FROM HIGH SPEED INTO NEUTRAL WHEN THE CAR CRASHED...

"NO, I THINK THEY GOT OUT OF THE CAR, PUT IT IN NEUTRAL GEAR, THEN GAVE IT A PUSH. IT CRASHED THROUGH THE GUARD RAIL AND DOWN THE SLOPE..."

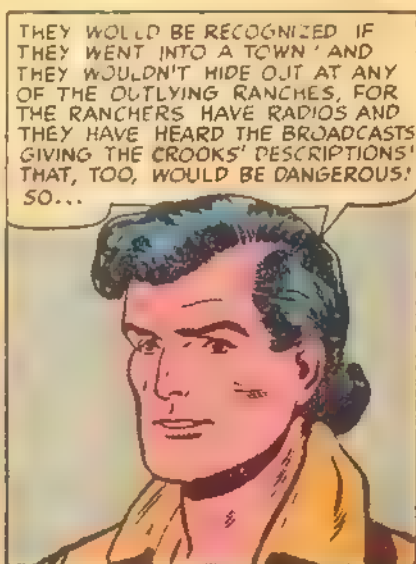
**CRASH!**



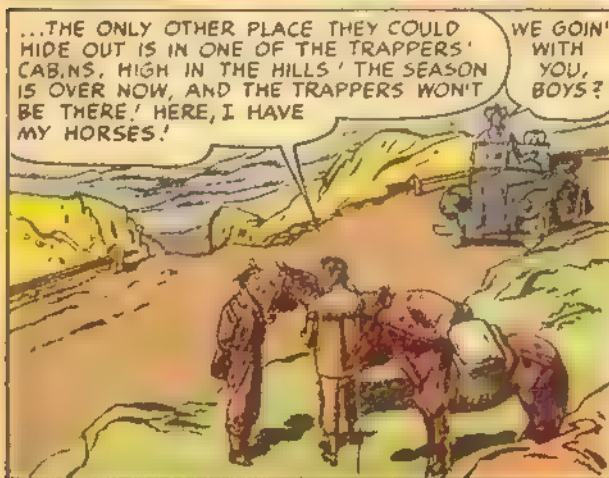


LOOK, DON'T TELL ME YOU CAN ACTUALLY PUT YOUR FINGER ON THE VERY SPOT WHERE STRONG MIKE AND HIS TWO PLAYMATES ARE HIDING OUT! THAT'S TOO MUCH!

YES, I THINK I CAN! THEY WOULDN'T BE IN THE TOWNS, WOULD THEY?

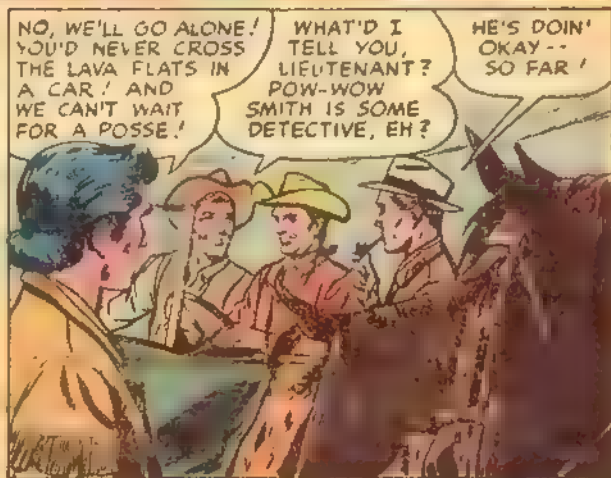


THEY WOULD BE RECOGNIZED IF THEY WENT INTO A TOWN 'AND THEY WOULDN'T HIDE OUT AT ANY OF THE OUTLYING RANCHES, FOR THE RANCHERS HAVE RADIOS AND THEY HAVE HEARD THE BROADCASTS GIVING THE CROOKS' DESCRIPTIONS! THAT, TOO, WOULD BE DANGEROUS! SO...



...THE ONLY OTHER PLACE THEY COULD HIDE OUT IS IN ONE OF THE TRAPPERS' CABINS, HIGH IN THE HILLS! THE SEASON IS OVER NOW, AND THE TRAPPERS WON'T BE THERE! HERE, I HAVE MY HORSES!

WE GOIN' WITH YOU, BOYS?



NO, WE'LL GO ALONE! YOU'D NEVER CROSS THE LAVA FLATS IN A CAR! AND WE CAN'T WAIT FOR A POSSE!

WHAT'D I TELL YOU, LIEUTENANT? POW-WOW SMITH IS SOME DETECTIVE, EH?

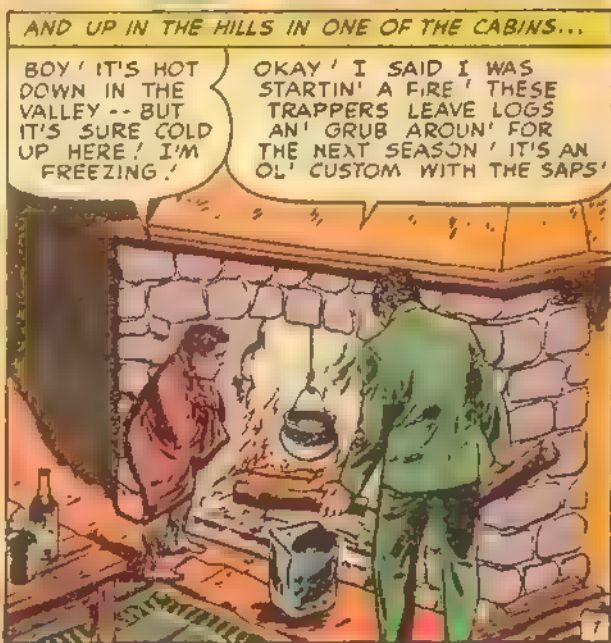
HE'S DOIN' OKAY -- SO FAR!



WITH THE AFTERNOON SUN BEATING DOWN, THE TWO DETECTIVES NAMED SMITH MAKE THEIR WAY ACROSS THE TORRID LAVA FLATS WHICH LEAD TO THE GAUNT HILLS SURROUNDING RED DEER VALLEY...

I'D DO A LOT BETTER IN A PRECINCT SQUAD CAR! TELL ME, HOW DID THE CROOKS GET ACROSS THIS FRYING PAN STRETCH?

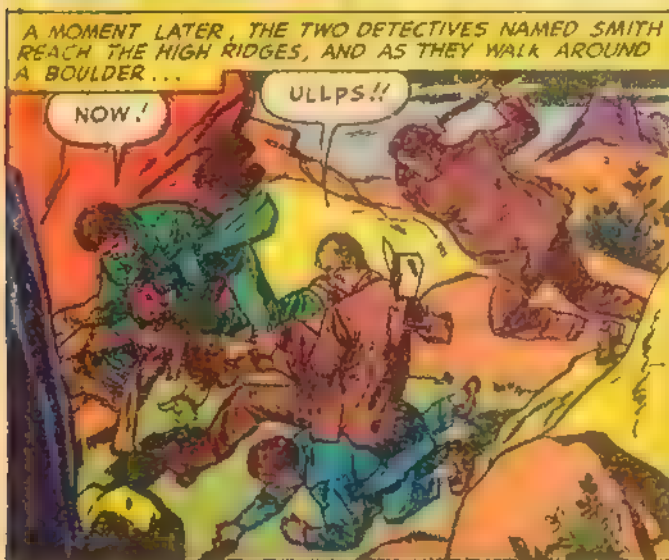
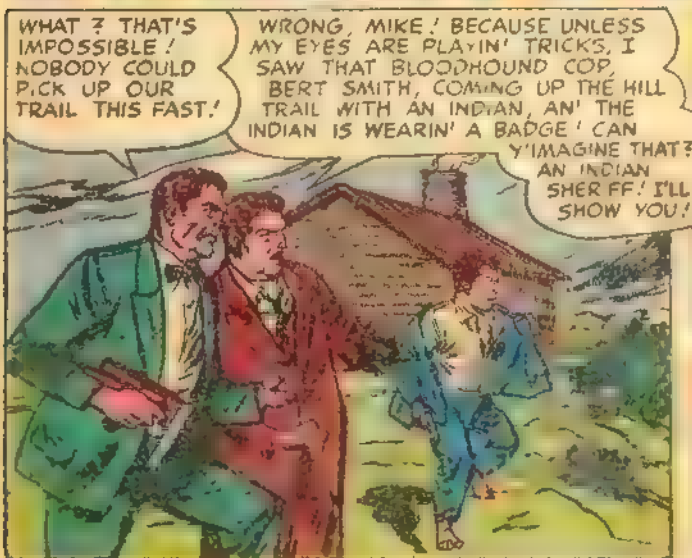
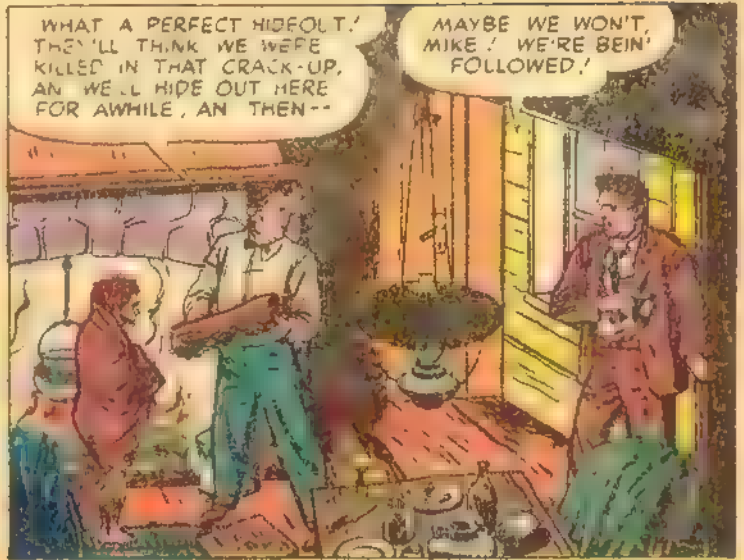
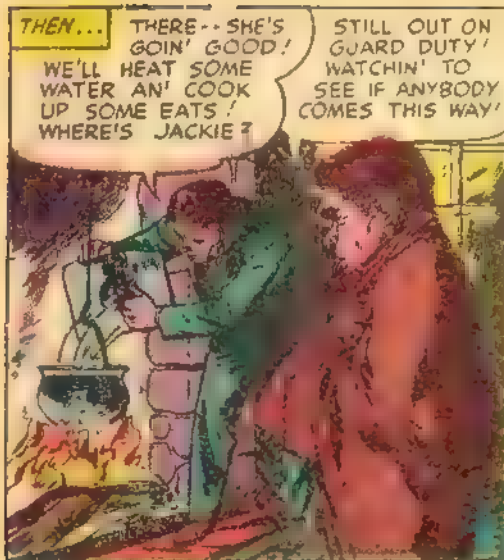
THEY CROSSED THIS MORNING-- AT DAWN, WHILE IT WAS COOL!

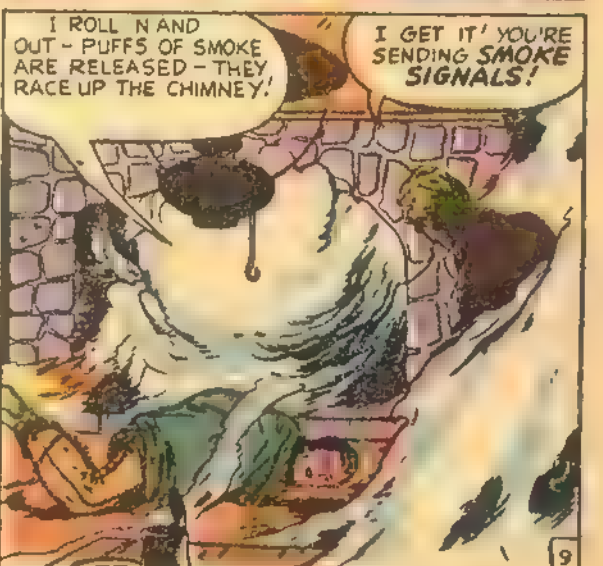
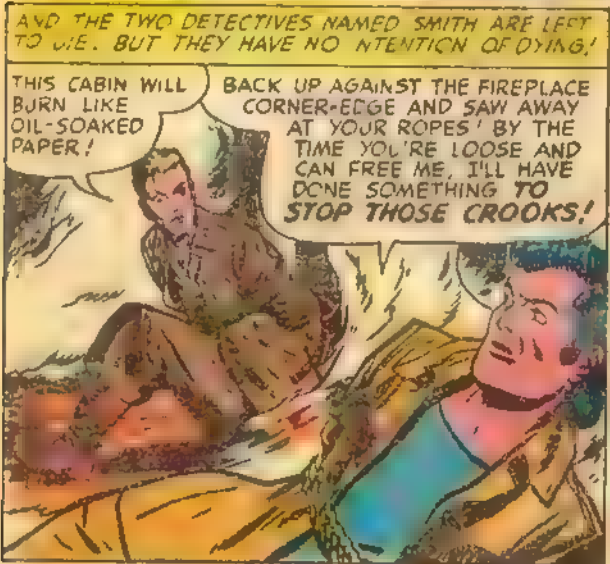
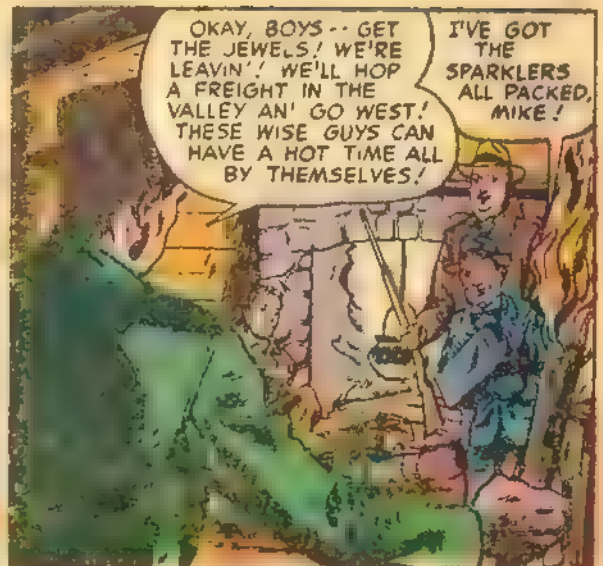
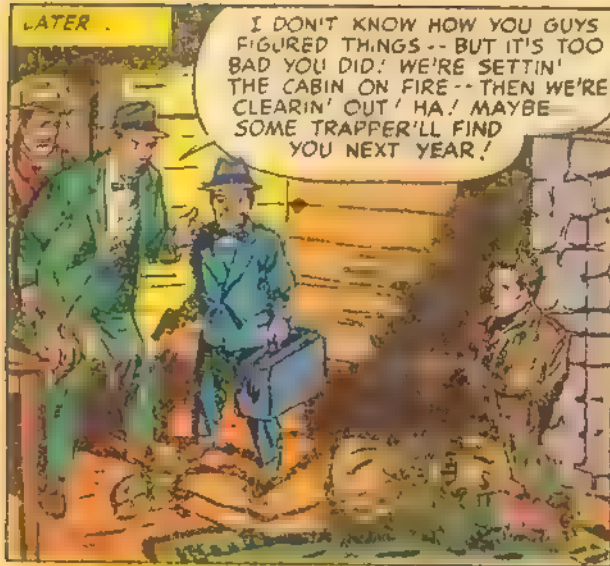


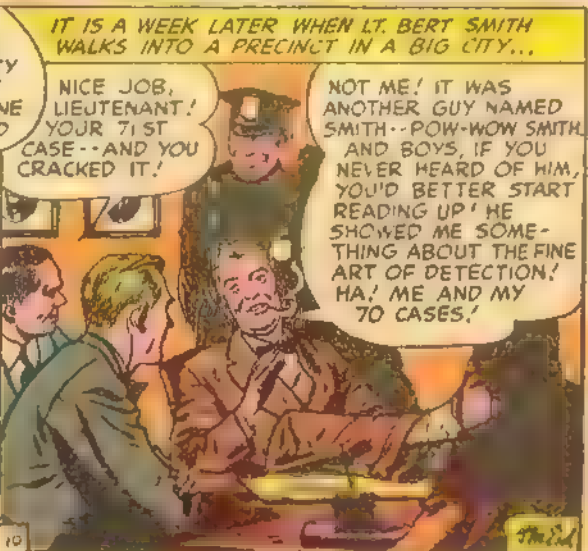
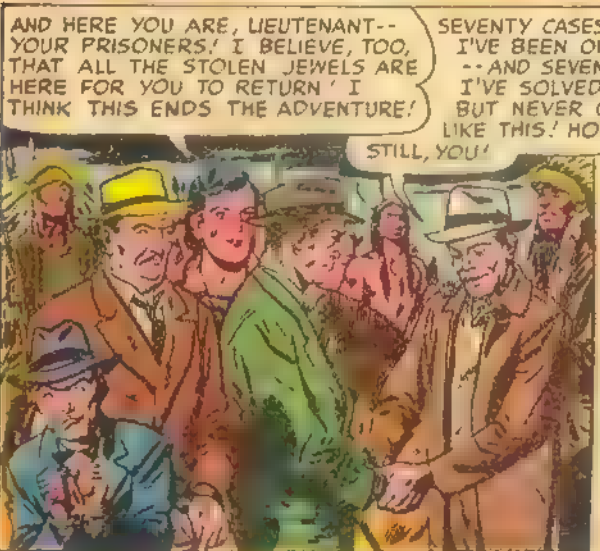
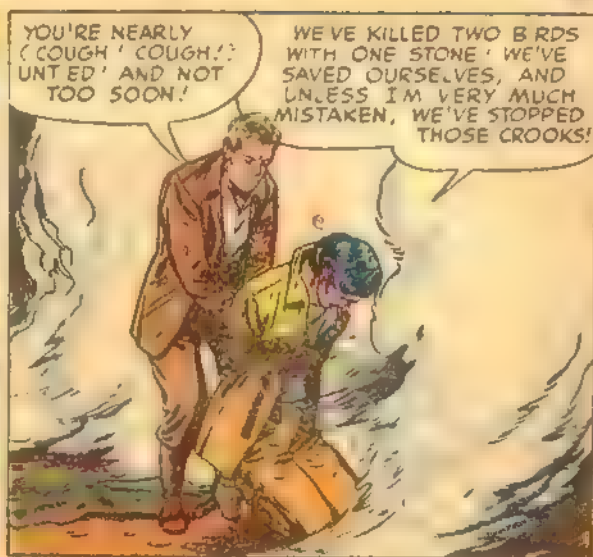
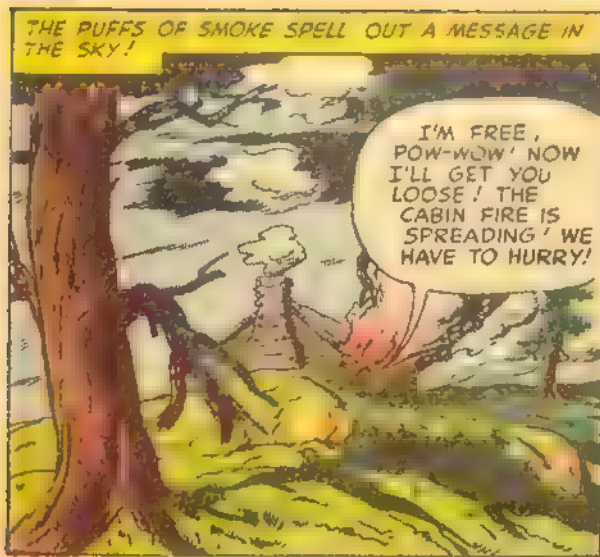
AND UP IN THE HILLS IN ONE OF THE CABINS...

BOY! IT'S HOT DOWN IN THE VALLEY -- BUT IT'S SURE COLD UP HERE! I'M FREEZING!

OKAY! I SAID I WAS STARTIN' A FIRE! THESE TRAPPERS LEAVE LOGS AN' GRUB AROUND FOR THE NEXT SEASON! IT'S AN OL' CUSTOM WITH THE SAPS!







# REUNION at the RUSTLERS

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" ADVENTURE

ONE NIGHT, WHILE THE BOYS AND I WERE VACATIONING AT THE DREW RANCH, WE WERE AWAKENED BY GUNSHOTS FROM THE RANGE...



THOSE RUSTLERS 'BEEN STEALIN' 'N BRANDIN' A LOT OF MY CALVES... BUT I CAN'T PUT THE LAW ON 'EM 'TIL I CATCH 'EM IN THE ACT OF BRANDIN'!

I HAVE AN IDEA... GET THE SHERIFF HERE TO-MORROW, AND THEN--



THE NEXT EVENING...

WE LOCK MOMMA COW HERE IN THE SHED, WHILE MR. DREW TAKES HIS MEN OFF WATCH...



LATER... THE RUSTLERS HAVE STOLEN THE UNGUARDED CALVES... THE COW, ANXIOUS TO SEARCH FOR HER MISSING CALF, IS RELEASED...

IT'S A CHANCE-- BUT SHE MAY LEAD US TO HER CALF... AND THE RUSTLERS!

IMAGINE TAKING A HIKE AT THIS TIME OF NIGHT! AND WHY D'YOU WANT ME TO WEAR THESE HERE "P-F"'S, JIM?



WHAT JIM TOLD THE SHERIFF ABOUT "P-F"'S:

HERE'S HOW "P-F" CANVAS SHOES GIVE YOU EXTRA SPEED AND COMFORT:

1. THE ALL IMPORTANT "P-F" RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FEET IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION-- HELPS PREVENT FOOT STRAIN.

2. SPONGE RUBBER CUSHION.



\*TRADE MARK

"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION

Y'KNOW, THESE "P-F"'S OF YOURS ARE MIGHTY EASY ON THE FEET... WE BEEN FOLLOWING THAT COW OVER TWO HOURS AND I AIN'T TIRED YIT!

HOPE SHE FINDS HER CALF BEFORE IT GETS LIGHT AND THEY SEE US COMING!



SOON...



LOOK, BILL-- WHERE DID SHE COME FROM?

CAUGHT 'EM RED-HANDED! GOTTA HAND IT TO YOU BOYS...

... AND OUR "P-F"'S, SHERIFF!



FOR EXTRA SPEED, ENERGY AND COMFORT, INSIST ON "P-F" CANVAS SHOES! GET YOUR "P-F"'S NOW!

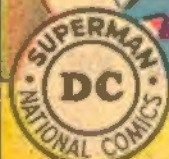


"P-F" CANVAS SHOES  
MADE ONLY BY

B.F. Goodrich AND  
Hood Rubber Co.



# BUZZY *says* BALANCE *your* FUN DIET



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looks like the one Sky found bearing the mysterious clues that helped him find the long-lost Navajo turquoise mine! A strange and beautiful Ring in genuine Navajo Indian design, with a sky-blue stone that looks like real turquoise set in gleaming silver-like metal. The mysterious, centuries-old Navajo symbols on the sides are the clues Sky King deciphered to reveal the whereabouts of the fabulous lost Navajo mine! A Ring you'll be proud to wear, that your friends will envy! Order yours today! Fits any size finger.

**Handy Plastic Re-Seal Jar Cap —**

a stay-on-tight, but easy-to-remove, cover for Peter Pan Peanut Butter jars. Turns empty Peter Pan or other drinking glasses into valuable food savers. You get this Re-Seal Jar Cap for Mom at no extra cost with every Navajo Treasure Ring you order for yourself—you get both. Send only 10 cents! Order today!

**For Mom!**



**Send only**



**Special for Peter Pan Peanut Butter users:**

Just send your name, address and 10¢—that's all! You will receive a beautiful Navajo Treasure Ring for yourself, plus a present for Mom—a handy Plastic Re-Seal Cap for Peter Pan Peanut Butter!



**Don't miss my radio adventures—**

fun, thrills, and adventures galore on "The Adventures of Sky King" every other weekday evening, 5:30 to 6:00, on your local ABC station.

(signed) **Sky King**



**Buy a jar of Peter Pan — Send this coupon today!**

Dear Sky King—

Please send me (state number) \_\_\_\_\_ Navajo Treasure Rings (with each Ring comes a Plastic Peter Pan Peanut Butter Re-Seal Jar Cap for Mom). For each Ring I enclose 10¢. (Note: This offer good only in U. S. A. and expires July 31, 1950.)

Print name and address plainly in pencil

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Mail to Sky King, Box 3636, Dept. N, Chicago 77, Illinois

Note: If you want the Plastic Jar Cap and not the Ring, just send your name and address with no money to above address.